



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE mayoralty problem for next year is much more important to the ratepayers of Toronto than any other public question which can be or is being discussed. There is no dearth of candidates, and the trouble most likely to arise is that there will be so many aspirants that someone with a certain amount of popularity but no fitness for the position will succeed in pushing himself into the place. The worn-out pretext which is already being used by ambitious incompetents, that they are in the hands of their friends and are willing to be candidates if the public insist upon their candidature, should be promptly rolled up and thrown away. Anyone whose name has been half a dozen times in the newspapers can have a requisition gotten up for him to become a mayoralty candidate. Influences of every sort at this season of the year are sought and utilized to "induce" unimportant men to "leave their happy homes" and chase the mayoralty prize. Many of these men believe, and can induce several hundred people to believe, that they have been "called" to redeem Toronto from its unfortunate condition. Surely there is a sentiment much wider than this which should hold all responsible taxpayers together. We not only need a Mayor who is in every respect an improvement on the one we have now, but we need one who is so indubitably intended as a leader and an organizer of men, that there will be no question as to his fitness for the great responsibilities of chief executive of this municipality. Already we have Mr. O. A. Howland professing his willingness to be crowded to the front. Mr. Howland is an amiable gentleman of good repute, but he is no more fitted to be Mayor of Toronto than he is to be general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway. Unfortunately his ambitions led him to desert South Toronto to contest Center Toronto, and after being beaten there, at the recent nomination in East Toronto, he exhibited himself as a candidate for the nomination and wanted to run, but was afraid to try. He feels that something is coming to him from his party because he failed in Center Toronto. Possibly he is right, but he should look to the party, not to the City of Toronto, for a settlement of his claim, and if he was not worthy of a nomination for the House of Commons, how can he now ask for a more important place? This city is not looking for a political mayoralty campaign, though I for one would be glad if the Conservative party nominated their best man and undertook all responsibility for his good behavior. If the Tory party, which so recently nominated and elected such excellent business men to Parliament, will meet and openly nominate a man of similar excellence I will promise for one to give him every support that this newspaper can give any candidate. I know that the party dare not nominate such a man as now occupies the civic chair, and every citizen is tired of experimenting with individuals who have no claim to the place except their personal ambitions. If the Grits think they have a better man than the Conservatives, let them nominate him and elect him if they can. I promise my support to the Conservatives because they are in the majority and have everything to lose politically if they make a mistake. Let the party which admittedly can run the city name their candidate, put him up, and stick to him, but let us know who is behind him.

In my own opinion E. J. Lennox, architect of the City Hall, is the strongest man that Toronto has developed. If tomorrow he were appointed general manager of the C.P.R. or the G.T.R., within a month he would fill the bill. He is the only man who has been able, without regard to politics, personal friendships, aldermanic combinations or mayoralty programmes, to absolutely have his own way. His way has not been inexpensive, but after all we have got the worth of our money, and we have one great enterprise in Toronto which has been conducted by one man, with one meaning, and with a result which is much more satisfactory than the City Hall enterprise would have been if some weak sister had been in charge of the business. Had it not been for Mr. Lennox the City Hall would probably have cost more than it has cost and been less than half as good a job as it is. Providing only that we could settle his bill before he starts in, we could well afford to give him ten thousand dollars a year and elect him Mayor for five years. Not a single accusation has been brought against him of letting anybody get the better of the city excepting himself. Self-interest is the main law of human nature, and we must provide for this no matter whom we select. I think in our own minds we all admire Mr. Lennox, and I for one am willing to take my hat off to him as the one strong man we have had in the whole mix-up of municipal politics since I can remember, and my memory extends over some twenty years of some very funny performances in this city. Lennox is a man who ought to be working for the people, and if rumor is correct, he is now so situated that he can devote a little time to running the affairs of the electorate. If he will consent to do so and use the same shrewdness, firmness and honesty that he has employed in his own behalf, I think a by-law could be passed that he should have ten years' occupancy of the Mayor's chair and be permitted to put his name in the largest possible letters all over the interior of the City Hall, as it is now placed on the outside of it. This is not a matter of honoring some office-hungry applicant; we want a man who can take care of the job and run it on business principles. This is no "josh." My dear Mr. Lennox, please hurry up and get your account settled and be a candidate for Mayor. You can be elected.

CROCODILE tears moisten the newspaper pages which ask the question, "Who will be the next Conservative leader?" My sympathies are perhaps too small or my prejudices too intense to pretend an affection or esteem for Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., which I never felt, and I must confess myself unable to simulate a grief because of his exit from public life. Others may be very differently constituted, for many in his own party, as well as outside of it, who have been loud in their denunciation of him as an egotist and self-seeker, are now beslobbering him with eulogies and washing his feet with their tears. While it is painful to witness anyone's downfall, politically, socially or commercially, and nothing but contempt can be felt for anyone who gloats over another's misery, yet one may admire, as I do, the virility of a vigorous and none too scrupulous man without paying to him tribute which his virtues and ability never did and do not now warrant. However, these lachrymose performances are probably nothing more than the impulse of the mourners to accentuate the fact that they are grieving over one who is politically dead. Nothing would so disconcert those stricken with this bogus grief as the political resurrection—if such a thing be possible—of the irrepressible baronet. Such a thing will not be permitted by his own party unless their differences with regard to the leadership cannot be reconciled, and we may as well fold away the scroll on which this old name is written and put it amongst the archives of Canada's past. George E. Foster is lacking a seat, and what he lacks more than a seat is a place in the affections

of the Canadian people. He towers above all others as the foremost Conservative critic, but nobody loves him when he sits down, or when they meet him outside of Parliament or a public meeting. Personally he is as devoid of magnetism as a barrel of clam-shells, and when the question of leadership is being discussed he is referred to as an absentee, not only from the House, but from the heart of the party to which he belongs. At best he can never be more than first lieutenant. Indeed, no defeated man on the list has political pull enough to get back and get near the leadership.

Amongst those who have been elected there are few who can be seriously regarded as political leaders. Toronto and the Yorks at first glance offer the best material, but there is an evenness in the bunch of aspirants which will make it difficult for anyone to obtain ascendancy without embittering and perhaps alienating the rest, though now they are doubtless all of the opinion that one of them should have the place. Just at this point it might be well to call attention to the fact that in all the canvassing of possibilities which has been engaged in, and despite the fact that Ontario admittedly has a right to appoint the

able statesman. The work of governing our vast and only partially developed resources should rest upon the whole Parliament, not upon a political faction. As leader of the Conservatives at Ottawa Sir William Meredith could be relied upon not to sacrifice the great possibilities of Canada for mere party advantage, yet at the same time the man who is believed in as superior to the pettiness of party pilfering and petting is the one who is most likely to succeed in this country, where sentiment still seems to be stronger than the politics of the corner grocery. It may be that other aspirants for the leadership are so well within our line of vision that we see all their littlenesses and familiarity tends to make us contemptuous, but it is hard indeed to imagine any other great figure than that of Sir William Meredith emerging from a neighborhood which has so long been content to be a Conservative Nazareth.

HUGH JOHN MACDONALD'S retirement from politics may be only temporary, but it is likely to be permanent. Personally he detests the hurly-burly of an election, the little nastinesses of controversy, the disquiet and

a matter of fact, Prohibitionists want a man not only to be opposed to the liquor traffic in every shape and form, but he must also please them in his politics, his religion and his social status, and everything else. The history of the prohibition movement in politics is the same in the United States, Great Britain and Canada. Prohibitionists have knifed more men and more frequently led parties into traps from which they did not escape, than any other organization of any sort, no matter what name it wore. To help the Prohibitionists as they loom up in politics means the death knell of the politician or the party who goes to their assistance. I believe in teetotalism if it can be accomplished without force, but who can believe in the prohibition which is always leading public men into a cul-de-sac and leaving them there for the buzzards?

TALKING about prohibition, an article on the Stewart-Woolley controversy in Massey Hall last Sunday appears on page seven.

THE LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE has had its annual meeting, and it is pleasant to know that they have wiped off their debts, and perhaps to avoid further encumbrances have put their secretary on fee fodder instead of a salary. For some time I have had a statement of their accounts before me, indicating that nearly all the moneys collected have gone to the payment of Mr. Secretary and the counsel employed by the Alliance. A hope which was soon destroyed by reading a report of their meeting was engendered at the opening of the session by those who pleaded for moral suasion instead of lawsuits. It is natural enough for those who entertain some particular view very strongly to proceed to blame everyone who differs with them. This tendency is still greater when lawyers are in control of the methods and the ministerial angels of peace are relied upon mostly to collect the funds.

The year's programme includes the stopping of everything which can be stopped on Sunday, except preachers' salaries and the breath of fad-pushers. Canals are not to be opened, and railroad trains are to be tied up, and all godly people are to be prevented, under pain of something serious happening to them some time, from riding on public vehicles on Sunday. The Seventh Day Adventists, who believe that the Day of Rest is Saturday, instead of Sunday, are not to be allowed to retain their religious tenets in this matter, but, like the Jews, are to be hammered into resting on the first day of the week whether they are tired or not. No movement is yet on foot to keep them from resting on Sunday, but this should logically follow. A religious body which does not know enough to believe with the Lord's Day Alliance should be forced to rest on Sunday or not at all, or else they should be let rest on the day which the dictates of their conscience tell them is proper, and be permitted to work on Sunday. Sunday funerals, particularly of a military sort, are to be stopped, and as soon as this has been properly attended to Sunday births will also be prohibited. If possible, shops and stores are to be closed on Saturdays not later than nine o'clock—this seems a little strong, for even amiable people like myself will begin to draw the line if these Sabbatarian saints begin to tamper with the week days. Another feature which may tend to make the public slightly nervous as to where these good folks are to end, appears in the resolution to start all the justices of the peace into making arrests for breaches of the Sunday laws. Of course, if a justice of the peace causes the arrest he will not be slow to make a conviction, and in order that this will end it, "steps are to be taken to abolish, or greatly limit, the defendant's right of appeal to the High Courts against conviction." Would it not be much easier to confer upon these self-appointed Sunday policemen who go out and lay hands upon everyone who steps on the grass or smokes a cigar, plenary powers to cast them into a dungeon and leave them there until the Alliance sees fit to release them? Miners are to be stopped working on the Sabbath, bridges are not to be built or to be repaired, and summer resorts, summer excursions, ice cream parlors and milk-shakes are to be looked after with a view to the arrest and punishment of anyone who is even appearing to have a good time.

Principal Caven in dismissing the convention is reported as saying that "there was a tendency abroad to look upon it (the Sabbath) as an ecclesiastical and not a divine institution." Exactly. Sunday is not the Sabbath of the Bible, and it is not so regarded. The observance of Sunday, outside of the praiseworthy sentiment which leads many to voluntarily and lovingly observe it as the Lord's Day, is entirely an ecclesiastical and civil institution. In every sense a day of rest is necessary to the well-being of mankind, and no one disputes that this day of rest should occur at least once a week, but it is doubtful if the six or seven million people of Canada are in the humor to have the day of rest transformed into a day of penance or paralysis by the worthy but short-sighted gentlemen who could meet as the Alliance in a street car and not crowd it.

THE Toronto Ministerial Association, which frequently stirs up subjects which are left to shrivel by the wayside, has announced that social impurity in this city is greatly on the increase. Those of us who occupy downtown offices and have but little opportunity to see what is going on as we occasionally drift from one business place to another during the day, and hold down a chair in a so-called library at night, are not competent to judge of these things as compared with the experts who announce their opinion as a finality. I would not mind joining one of these Doctors of Divinity as he goes about getting particulars of the improprieties of Toronto's social life, but I can hardly hope for an invitation. Things of this sort must be looked upon only by the shameless sinner, the policeman and the divinity student. We ought to form a press association and by the right of numbers and supposed influence obtain a look at the seamy side of life as the ministers see it. Of course they must see it or know of it, or they would not talk so candidly of what some of us suspect, but which none of us are willing to affirm. There must be phases of a ministerial life that are really more interesting than anybody suspects, or how could they know all about these things that real wicked men only whisper about? Do the men and women of the various congregations confide in the pastors their little escapades, or do they boldly invite them to join in festivities to which those of us who are not absolutely and notoriously bad or profoundly good, cannot obtain entrance?

Aside from the means these clerical gentlemen have adopted to obtain the facts, there are a great many people interested as to what they propose to do about it. I am not speaking for those who are engaged in the illicit amusements referred to, but on behalf of the naturally curious multitude who thought that everything was all right, but whom the word which has come from the Ministerial Association that there are terrible goings-on, has excited to investigation, which it is to be hoped will not lead to participation. Not knowing the facts—for details, obviously for our own good, have been withheld—we are



INDIAN-PONY RACE ON THE PLAINS.

Drawn for SATURDAY NIGHT by John Jones.

new leader, no one has seriously suggested Mr. J. P. Whitney, the leader of the Ontario Opposition, though his name should occur first of all, if he is large enough for the place he now holds. Mr. J. J. Foy, Q.C., is without doubt the cleverest and most attractive man on the Opposition benches of Ontario, yet his name has not been mentioned, for the very good reason that religion as well as race was lugged by the Conservative press into the contest which is just over, though it may be that the religious phase of it was unintentional and merely an inseparable adjunct to the racial agitation.

The only man who stands out distinctly as the one possessing the dignity and force of character necessary to impress not only this province, but all the other provinces, as leader of a great party, is Sir William R. Meredith, Chief Justice of Ontario. The fact that he is now on the Bench need not deter the Conservative party from considering him as the most eligible man for the high place which is now vacant. Others have left the Bench to lead political parties, and now when such a man is needed the Conservatives of Ontario should be satisfied with no one of less conspicuous virtues or splendid manhood. It is true that he did not succeed in overturning the Mowat Government, but no one can truthfully assert that his influence on Provincial legislation was not almost as great, if not as great, as that of Premier Mowat himself, while his sacrifices for his party, his province and his country were incalculably greater than those of Sir Oliver Mowat. What Canada needs at this moment as a leader of the Conservative party is not so much a successful politician as a cap-

happiness of being the football of a party. He has not been fair to himself, inasmuch as he has permitted the Conservative party to use him as a convenience. Gentle and kindly in his disposition, it is a hard thing for him to say no, and yet he has a firmness which often surprises many of his friends who imagine him to be more complaisant than clear-sighted. In the interview he gave to the press after his defeat, Hugh John stated what has often been stated before, but never with greater point than in his own case, "The trouble is that Prohibitionists vote with their political party, and the liquor men, both Conservative and Liberal, vote and work among the party which favors prohibition. In future the Prohibitionists may thank themselves if neither of the great political parties consent to take up their cause."

Mr. Macdonald promised to allow Prohibitionists to express in a statute the result of the Manitoba plebiscite, and he did so, though many of his own friends had interests which were sacrificed by his action. Mr. Drewry, of Winnipeg, who has the largest brewery in Canada west of Ontario, was one of the great financial backers of the Conservative party, and at least one of Mr. Macdonald's supporters in the Manitoba Legislature was a hotelkeeper and had been for many years, yet Hugh John fulfilled his promise and gave a prohibition law to Manitoba. I do not believe in prohibition laws, but am only stating the fact, and with the idea of proving that Prohibitionists, while they sometimes clamor that no religious person should vote for a man who is not a Prohibitionist, will not vote for a Prohibitionist if he does not otherwise suit them. As

SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER Will be Ready in the Last Week of November. Price 50 Cents.

interested in the campaign which is likely to be begun. How much further is the statutory law to be extended in order to keep Toronto the Good as really good as strangers declare it to be when they make speeches on our platforms? We have been taught to look to the statutes and the police to keep us in order. It is possible that the statutes are not read as carefully as they should be, or are the police failing in their duty to act as our moral guardians? It is a painful thought that there are people so careless in this city as not to read the statutes, wherein all sorts of things are made and provided for our good; and some people have got the upshot notion that policemen are more suitable as kitchen than as parlor company. However, if things are getting worse they must be attended to, and I see no better method than the organization of the Ministerial Association as a special police force to patrol the naughty district, wherever it is.

Married men are said to be indulging in conduct which is bringing grief to the Association and others. Now this should be proven or it should be left unsaid. I have no wish to treat this subject flippantly, but it is a rule in social circles which are far from pretending to be the most exquisite, that things should be left unsaid which cannot be proven. No doubt in every section of society there are people who sin against some of the ten commandments, and it is quite possible that they are sinned against by some of those who escape criticism. If the Ministerial Association really believes that the Morality Department has failed to produce the results desired, they should state their grounds of complaint distinctly and without fear or favoritism. If rumor is their only guide, they should keep still until investigation has proven what they fear to be true or false. A clergyman has no more right than a club-lounger to start gossip, or to make married women and those who know nothing about the improprieties carried on by gaslight, suspicious of everybody whose morals interest them. Great good can be done, perhaps, by preaching against these things. I doubt it, for the evil thought will go through pure minds faster than a good thought will bring to a realizing sense of danger the evil mind. No clergyman makes a discovery in the Ministerial Association of what is happening. Sad enough is it to know that nearly all that is happening is retiled by gossip, or occasioned by it, and this gossip is not withheld from ministerial ears.

If anything is to be done, let it be done openly, boldly, as by men who see a wrong thing and determine to remove it. The Ministerial Association raised the question as to whether the police had an interest, direct or indirect, in the Royal Theater. To provide them with information a search was made and the facts presented in last week's "Saturday Night." The suggestion has not been sufficient. The clergy have as yet failed to grasp the situation. The so-called theater continues, and nothing is being done to lessen the evil. In the course of a few months a deputation will go to the Legislature, and this parade will probably be the last of it. Until the Ministerial Association's agitations amount to something more than a suspicion which is thrown broadcast to damage many innocent people, we can have but little regard for organized expressions which are nothing more than scandal-breeders.

AQUIRING money is a hard task, but to those who get it in considerable quantities, letting go of it seems harder still. There is a case now before the Ontario courts to compel, under the statute governing succession duties, the beneficiaries of a will to pay the difference between \$4,650 and \$10,000. The will was probated at \$186,000, and as an estate under \$200,000 has to pay only a tax of 2 1/2 per cent, the amount already paid in on the surface seems sufficient, but it is alleged that \$30,000 was given away or transferred prior to the death of the testator so as to bring the estate down to the limit of the 2 1/2 per cent. tax. If this had not been done the estate, it is alleged, would have been worth \$216,000 and had to pay 5 per cent, or over double the amount already paid. If the Provincial Government can show that this \$30,000 was given away or transferred for the sake of evading half of the succession duties, it will indicate that the man who was making his will prior to passing into the Hereafter had not forgotten the value of money or how to drive a fairly sharp bargain. One would think the nearness of death likely to dull the desire for wealth or to have it retained by the beneficiaries of a will, but not so, for this is not the only case pending at the present time, and the authorities in this suit declare they are only trying to discourage wealthy people from clinging so desperately to that which is Caesar's.

If the law has been violated knowingly, as the authorities allege, those who have evaded the tax have done a wrong—something like smuggling—practically on their deathbeds, for the sake of gain. Either the lust of money is more intense than we ordinarily conceive it to be, or else the belief in a future life and the reward of the just and the punishment of the unjust is weaker than it is generally held to be, or these things would not happen. Of course we are all shocked—as we always are when someone is caught by the customs-inspector with a trunkful of contraband stuff.

If the possession of money makes it more difficult for a man to die, or to tell the truth while he is alive, we should make instant preparation to cease rolling in wealth, as is our habit, or else take less trouble trying to obtain it. If I had \$200,000 and a fatal disease I do not think I would spend more than thirty-five minutes worrying about the succession tax. However, money-hunger has not been one of my many besetting sins, and perhaps I am incapable of judging the mental attitude of those who approach the clammy portal of death still clinging to the coin they have been at such, perhaps honest, pains to collect. One can easily imagine the anxiety of the bread-winner of a family to leave enough to keep his heirs from penury, but as \$200,000, even minus the succession tax, would keep several large families from any danger of starvation, I do not see how the possessor of it should take any chances either with the courts below or the Judge above by playing tricks with the Ontario statutes. If the bargaining instinct which enables the money-maker to get rich clings to one until the death-dew is mixed with the death duties, I, for one, am willing to die poor, consoled with the idea that what I had I did not hold after I got a chance to get the worth of it.

Social and Personal.

THE first day of winter, white with falling snow, saw one of the prettiest and happiest of weddings, when Miss Marion Janet Kirkland, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Kirkland, and Mr. Alexander W. Mackenzie, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, were married. The ceremony took place in the vestry of St. Basil's church, in presence of a small party of relatives, and at half-past three other intimate friends of the families of the young people arrived at the home of the bride's parents, in St. George street, where a reception and dejeuner were in progress. Miss Kirkland's wedding gown was of trained white satin, the guimpe of finely tucked chiffon, and the bodice almost veiled from sight by a deep bertha of Brussels lace. The gown was simple and elegant, and the girlish bride, with her soft hair loosely framing her face, was very sweet looking in her bridal fineries, half-veiled in the usual tulle. Her principal jewel was a pearl necklace, the gift of her father-in-law. Miss Zulu Buchanan and Miss Ethel Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, were the bridesmaids, in white mousseline over pale blue silk, and large black plumed hats. The bride's bouquet was of white roses, lily-of-the-valley and ferns; the bridesmaids carried sheaves of crimson roses. Mr. J. W. Mitchell was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie received in the drawing-room, which was decorated with white chrysanthemums and snailax, and later on the bridal party went to the dining-room, where the bride cut the cake, and Hon. A. S. Hardy proposed the health of the young couple in a happy little speech, to which Mr. Mackenzie made a response which was punctuated by

applause and laughing remarks from his Alpha Delta friends, with whom he has always been most popular. The Italian orchestra struck up the usual assertion which was agreed in vocally by the party. Mrs. Kirkland, mother of the bride, wore a black lace gown over white silk; Mrs. Mackenzie, mother of the groom, a soft heliotrope silk with Brussels lace fichu. There were five sisters of the groom at the marriage, the younger two, Misses Kate and Grace Mackenzie, in short frocks and white Corday bonnets, and little Miss Buchanan in a most fetching little hat and frock, being the jolliest of the happy assembly. The bride went away in a tailor-made gown of brown cloth with toque to match, and was seen off by her bridesmaids on the five-twenty train to make a wedding trip of some length, as Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, after a week at the Waldorf, are to sail for Europe. The wedding gifts received by this bride and groom were particularly beautiful and rich; a cabinet of silver from Mr. Rod Mackenzie, eldest son of Mr. William Mackenzie; a silver branched candlestick from Hon. A. S. and Mrs. Hardy, a silver tea service and polished wood tray from Mrs. Mackenzie, an exquisite pair of silver and Bohemian glass vases from Mr. and Mrs. Ross, of Montreal, being a few among many choice tributes of love and esteem sent to these popular young people.

Never has Toronto begun its social season with a prettier or more charming lot of debutantes than this end of the century. The frightened, blushing, and sometimes unhappy debutante of other days has given way to a composed, brilliant and quite unconscious-of-self young girl, accustomed to men and bon camarade with them in their sports and ambitions, full of resource within herself, and generally excelling in some chosen art, receptive, courageous and ready to enjoy with discrimination the social pleasures set before her. The debutante of to-day does not worry over her programme, nor consider it her reproach if she be not dragged wildly through every dance. She dances unceasingly if she adores dancing, but she is often pleased to sit and talk, intelligently and brightly, with men whose like, ten years ago, would have fled from her white frock and her silence. The debutante is not a distinct class any more. She can enjoy herself with the matron, amuse the bachelor and interest everyone. She is nearly always beautiful in some way, having learned to study herself and suppress her shortcomings. And she wears much more fetching frocks than in the muslin and tulle days. Some of our debutantes are almost bride-like in their lovely gowns of white satin and lace, and they wear them so well. Several of them are daughters of families one of whose traditions is the beauty of its women, and one glance at the lovely face of the newest butterfly in society's parterre renews one's memory of the tradition.

Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, of Ottawa, have been in town for some weeks. Mrs. Taylor has been quite ill, but is now much better, and is, with Mr. Taylor, stopping at 35 Grenville street.

Mrs. MacMahon continues to improve in health, and is now able to be down stairs each day.

The martial spirit has had full swing this week, for on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings the Armories have been the scene of those interesting "fin de saison" reunions which mark the close of the "march-out" and weekly drills of the city corps. On Monday the "bonny Kilties," with their handsome new Colonel, Campbell Macdonald, had the usual prize-giving and after reception and refreshments in their mess rooms. On Wednesday Colonel Delamere and his most admirable corps, the Queen's Own, were the hero-hosts. Captain Barker, looking most fit and besieged by compliments and greetings, and little Bugler Williams, who blew the charge at Paardeberg, a handsome laddie of seventeen, in khaki, were the main attraction in the supper room, after the parade. Among those who watched the drill and prize-giving were Miss Mowat, who presented some of the prizes, Mrs. Peters, also performing the same pleasant duty; Mrs. Fred Mowat, Mr. Band, A.D.C., Colonel and Mrs. Peters, and Mrs. Bruce, Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Colonel and Mrs. Mason, Miss Eva Delamere, Miss Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, Mr. George Taylor, Colonel and Mrs. Graves, Mrs. G. W. Ross and Miss Kate Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delamere, Miss Delamere, Mrs. Strath and Mrs. Russell, the latter warmly welcomed back to Toronto and looking very lovely, Mrs. Young, Misses Dora and Jessie Denison, Mr. Fred Denison, Mrs. Barker, Miss and Mr. E. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, of Yeaton Hall, Miss Cawthra and Miss Perkins, Miss Grace Peters, Miss Ravenshaw, Mrs. and Miss Lister, Mr. Fred Lister, Adj. Galloway of Kingston, now at Stanley Barracks, Mrs. Pellatt, Maj. and Miss Gunther, Mrs. Laidlaw, Miss Jennings, Capt. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Maj. and Mrs. Murray, Capt. Sam Sloan, Miss Cowan, the Misses Sloan, Major Tassie, Mr. Shanly, Captain and Mrs. Benjamin, Mr. and Mrs. Baines, Mrs. and Miss Edith Harman, Miss Pentland (Quebec), Mr. Ashton Smith, Captain Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr. Locke, Mr. James Scott, Miss Buck, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bickford, Mr. E. Monek, Mrs. Parsons, the Misses Parsons, Mr. George Lamont, Miss J. Frances Byford, Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel, Captain Wyatt, Miss Mary Ellwood, Miss Hamilton of Belleville, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. A. W. Ross, Mr. Hugo Ross, Mr. and Mrs. W. Claude Fox. The tea-table was handsomely done in pink 'mums, which the Colonel afterwards presented to a favored few of the ladies.

In spite of the snow, which delayed some of the guests, and of the late-coming of others after the wedding, there has seldom been a more thoroughly enjoyable tea than that given at the Oaks by Mrs. W. H. Beatty on Tuesday. Mrs. Beatty, in a rich gown of grey brocade, and with her lord and master at hand to second her kind welcome, received in the drawing-room. In the dining-room Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. Charles Beatty and Mrs. Harry Beatty, daughters and daughters-in-law, and the Misses Myles and Miss Worts made a house party not to be excelled. The refreshment table, set in the end of the immense dining-room which has seen so many smart banquets and reunions, was made beautiful with vases of American Beauty roses and trimmed with green ribbons.

On last Saturday afternoon Mrs. W. Goulding gave a large tea at her home in St. George street at which the world and his wife were present. The beautiful rooms and spacious hall were crowded with a jolly lot of friends who had only one cloud on the brightness, the news, flashed across the seas of Lieutenant Elmsley's wound, which was serious, and the slight injury suffered by Captain Churchill Cockburn, whose friends had begun to believe he must have a charmed life, so fortunate has he been hitherto. Mrs. Goulding was assisted by her bright English visitor, Miss Gething, in a very dainty grey frock, touched with white, and by a party of young ladies in the tea rooms, including Miss Marion Barker, Miss Agnes Vickers, Miss Ireland and Miss Mary Thom, who were a most delightful quartette in their pretty gowns and with their kind care of the hosts of guests. The flower of the early winter, the grand chrysanthemum, was there in all its glory huge and handsome, and the soft strains of music from the upper hall, punctuated by the mirth-provoking chattering of the Goulding parrot, were mingled with the chatter of men and women below. It was a most pleasant hour for everyone, and adds another to the list of successes of the hosts.

On Friday of last week, Miss Howland gave a tea in honor of Miss Gething of London, Eng., who is making many friends in Toronto during her visit to Mrs. Goulding.

The marriage of Mr. David W. Campbell, of Montreal, and Miss Emily Maud Baird, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Baird, took place on Saturday at half-past two

o'clock in the Central Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. McTavish, assisted by Rev. Armstrong Black, officiating. Miss Baird, who was led in by her father, wore white satin, richly trimmed with Brussels lace, with transparent tucked guimpe and sleeves, veil of tulle and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley. Her two bridesmaids, Miss Sutherland, of Montreal, and Miss Mamie Palmer, wore white mousseline, with black picture hats of velvet, and carried pink roses. The maid of honor, Miss Florence Baird, whose frock of pink crepe de chine gave the color note of the pretty group, also wore a black hat and carried pink roses. Mr. Smeaton White, of Montreal, was best man and the ushers were Messrs. Harry Baird, Harry Cassels, Vicars, Throsby and Captain Creighton, of Montreal. The church was beautifully garlanded with green and decorated with white chrysanthemums and palms. A reception was held after the wedding at the Baird residence, where, surrounded by flowers and graceful greenery, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell received congratulations. Quite a large party of the groom's friends came up from Montreal. Among the guests from out of town were Mrs. and Miss Sinclair, Mr. Robert Sinclair, Mrs. and Miss Stevenson, Mrs. Robert Adair, Miss Baird, Mr. McLennan, Mrs. Routh, Mr. W. White, Mr. Brophy and Mr. and Mrs. Wall; Mr. and Mrs. Wenham and Mr. and Mrs. Bunell, of Chicago; Mr. DeWolfe, of Halifax; Mr. Eddie Seagram, Mr. and Mrs. Brethaupt, of Berlin; Mrs. Perley, of Ottawa, and Mr. and Mrs. Bowlby, and Mrs. Herbert Bowlby, of Berlin, and the bride's sister, Mrs. Barnhart, and Mr. Barnhart, of Oswego. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell went away on the late afternoon train for their bridal trip, the bride wearing dark blue homespun and hat to match. Their wedding gifts were simply legion in number, and for beauty and taste seem to have taken the record for the season. "Such lovely glass I never saw," was the verdict of a well-known entertainer, and the silver and other rich things were in like quantities. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell will reside in Montreal.

Mrs. George Howland, of Howland avenue, gave a tea on Thursday afternoon. Last night a very delightful recital was given in Conservatory Music Hall by Mrs. Agnes Knox Black and Miss Greta Masson, each such a finished artist as to ensure the appreciation of the most critical.

The biograph finishes the week at the Massey Music Hall, with a most interesting series of pictures. A lot of pretty society girls will smile from the windows of Matthews' shop in Yonge street, when Katherine Shearar's latest consignment is displayed there. The way the Shearar faces smile is a by-word. Out of the corner of a roguish eye, on the pout of a red lip or with a faint curve of a tip-tilted nose, these wicked beauties do the trick. On Monday, I believe, Mr. Matthews is to receive some of Miss Shearar's latest work.

The singing of the Leipzig Quartette this evening, at the concert in Association Hall in aid of the Lutheran Church, promises a rare treat to patrons of the entertainment. Miss Edith VanderSmisen is the secretary of the concert committee.

Mrs. R. B. Brimer is settled at 100 Gloucester street, after a year's absence. Mrs. Brimer receives on Thursdays.

This afternoon, "The Application of Art" is the title of Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison's lecture before the Huron Street League of School Art. Mrs. Jean Blewett will give a reading and the Provost of Trinity will take the chair.

Mrs. Jarvis, widow of the late William Dummer Powell Jarvis, of Osage Hall, and daughter of the late Hon. Jacob Aemilius Irving, died at the home of her son, Mr. Aemilius Jarvis, on Tuesday last. Mrs. Jarvis, formerly Diana Irving, was known and esteemed most highly by a large circle, chiefly among the old residents of Toronto. Her funeral took place to St. James Cathedral on Thursday afternoon at the same time as that of her old friend, Mrs. James Strachan, who predeceased her by one day. There has been an unusual number of deaths among Toronto's older ladies this year, and at the double funeral on Thursday many a true friend mourned the loss of kind and wise counsellors, while at the same time admiring the peaceful close of long lives well lived by women whom Toronto is justly entitled to hold in tender memory.

Mrs. Oliphant gave the second of her series of cosy teas last Tuesday, when, in spite of the snowstorm, some thirty of her friends enjoyed her admirable arrangements for their comfort. No hint of the stereotyped caterer is noticeable at these homelike reunions. The dainties have some special little tasty and artistic touch, and are "just what the doctor ordered," a roguish guest remarks. Chicken salad, served in red pepper cups on a leaf of green, may not taste any better, but it looks prettier. Mrs. and Miss Ridley, Miss Edith Smith, very pretty in blue and white silk; Mrs. Petrie, the bride, in blue and white muslin, little Miss Edith Holgate in heliotrope, the hostess in blue and white brocade and chiffon bodice, and white skirt over blue; her mother, Mrs. Hastings, in black, with fichu of red chiffon, were those who saw to the happiness of the guests, some of whom were Mrs. Ogden, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. W. Carrick, Mrs. Lugsdin, Mrs. Gouinlock, Mrs. C. E. Maddison, Miss Muriel Maddison, Miss Kavanagh, of Ottawa, Mrs. C. E. Warwick, Mrs. May, Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Holgate, Mrs. R. G. Smyth, Mrs. Fullerton, Mrs. Petrie, Mrs. Schaffter and Mrs. J. Milton Cotton, who brought her cousin, Mrs. Harry Van Norman of Denver, Col., whom old friends will remember as Miss Minnie McBurney.

The Soldiers' Wives' League meeting on Wednesday afternoon brought out a hundred of the one hundred and seventy members to the cosy rooms in the Armories, when a very charming little musical was arranged, at which Miss Violet Gooderham sang and Miss Homer Dixon played her violin. After the music five o'clock tea was served at a patriotic table with tricolor ribbons and crimson roses. The ladies are indebted to Heintzman for a piano and to Coles for the refreshments, a graceful act on the part of these firms to help the League to give its guests pleasure. Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Young were in from Stanley Barracks, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Macdougall, Miss Small, Mrs. and Miss Warren, Mrs. Mason, Miss McDonnell, each with a relative still in South Africa or on the way home; Mrs. Page, widow of the brave man whose death was one of the sad incidents of the early part of the war; Mrs. and Miss Barker, Miss Hoskins, Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Wylie Grier, Mrs. Jessie Rowland, were a few of those present. The wives of the regimental colonels and ex-colonels were also of the party. Mrs. Bruce being the secretary of the League—one of whom provided choice flowers and palms for decoration.

"A white ball," the paradise of the season's debutantes, was Mrs. Barwick's dance in McConkey's ballroom last week. White "mums" decorated the "salle de danse," and white satin, chiffon, mousseline and lace gleamed and fluttered as the fair young girls floated over the glassy floor, to the strains of the lost waltz. The daughter of the hostess, in an airy mousseline and lace frock, was a very tactful helper to her dainty mother, whose perfect figure was admirably set off by a glistening black sequin ball gown. Most of the debutantes have already made their bow to society at teas given for their debut, but some literally came out for the first time last Friday. Miss Mackenzie of Benvenuto brought her debutante sister, Miss Athol Boulton, beautiful in satin veiled in ribboned gauze; Miss Gladys Nordheimer, in white satin, the pretty Keating twin sisters in dainty white silk gowns, Miss Evelyn Cameron in white satin, Miss Ethel Matthews in a dream of a French frock, were at this party.



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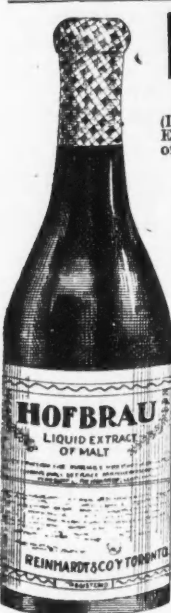
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the wrinkles removed from
one side of the face, leaving
the other side to show just
how badly they were
wrinkled. Also five girls
removed from one side of the face. Have you
seen any of these women? If not, call and see
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Thomas McMillan, jr. (nee
Gowan), will be at home on Tuesday
afternoon, November 27, at her resi-
dence, 641 Spadina avenue, and will
afterwards be at home on the fourth
Tuesday in the month.

Trinity Athletic Association's dance
on Thursday, November 22, is much
anticipated. Dancing is to be in Con-
vocation Hall. A first-class orchestra
has been, as usual, engaged, and spe-
cial cars at 2 a. m. arranged for. The
secretary is Mr. F. J. Sawers, Trinity
College, and the committee appointed
to act with the secretary are: Messrs.
D. T. Symons, W. R. Wadsworth, J. D.
McMurrich, G. C. Heward, H. C. Os-
borne, A. W. Canfield, G. O'N. Ireland,
A. E. Taylor, R. H. Parmenter, S. G.
Wade, E. W. B. Richards, G. B.
Strath, E. A. Cannan, W. M. Mock-
ridge, E. C. Catnach, A. B. Colville,
J. A. Macdonald, F. W. Rolph, W. M.
Griffin, J. M. Baldwin, F. M. Burdige
and F. H. Hincks.

Dr. Edwin Kendall Richardson has
returned to town, looking none the
worse for his fortnight's campaigning
in his father's interest.

The Misses Richardson have return-
ed from the country, and are domici-
led for the winter months with their
brother, Dr. Edwin Kendall Richardson,
in his pleasant home, corner of
Rivers and St. Thomas streets, where
they will receive, as formerly, every
Friday. Since election day these
young people have been the recipients
of many hearty congratulations upon
their father's notable success at the
polls, friends of all shades of political
opinion having hastened to express
their gratification at the result.

A departure from the city that will
be greatly regretted among the mem-
bers of various little church coteries in
Toronto is that of Mr. Arthur Wemyss
Behrends, who leaves on Monday for
Michigan, to become a candidate
for holy orders under His Lordship the
Bishop of Algoma. Mr. Behrends is a
son of the late W. F. Behrends of the
Imperial Indian Civil Service in As-
sam, and stepson of the late General
Douglass of the Imperial Indian Army.
Mr. Behrends received his education
at the Royal Collegiate High School
at Stuttgart, in Wurtemberg, and St.
Edmund's College, Hertford, complet-
ing his studies at the University of
Bern, Switzerland, his course there
being brilliant and successful. He
joined the staff of St. Mary's College,
Reading, leaving it to become second
master at the Diocesan High School
at Rangoon, Burma. Finding that the
Indian climate did not agree with him,
Mr. Behrends came to America, with
the intention of entering the priest-
hood of the Anglican Church. An op-
portunity of doing missionary work
offering under Bishop Thorne, Mr.
Behrends has availed himself of it, and

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Harvey, who
have been living at 416 Sherbourne
street for the past three years and a
half, have gone to reside in Ottawa.

The engagement of Miss Ida Bour-
chier of Ottawa to Mr. Clare Helliwell
of Parkdale is announced. Miss Bour-
chier spent a month in Toronto this
summer, and was accompanied by
Miss Lilyan Helliwell of Ottawa. She
is the granddaughter of General Sir
George Bouchier of Indian Mutiny
fame, under whom Lord Roberts, pres-
ent commander in South Africa, re-
ceived his early training. Miss Bour-
chier was born in Ceylon, and has tra-
velled extensively. She is a charming
little lady, and while in Toronto made
many friends, who will no doubt be
pleased to learn she is coming to make
her home here.

On next Monday evening St. Luke's
choir gives a reception to its returned
heroes from South Africa. I am told
no less than seven of the members of
the choir went on active service to the
war.

The dates of the Grenadiers' assem-
blies are fixed for December 14, Janu-
ary 18 and Shrove Tuesday, February
13. It goes without saying that these
dances will be jolly ones. The ever-
popular and capital secretary, Captain
Gooderham, has been relieved of his
duty by Captain A. L. Armstrong.
Major Harry Brock is the chairman
of committee.

Mrs. Murphy of Painswick, who has
been the guest of Mrs. D'Alton Mc-
Carthy, is now with Mrs. Rigby, at St.
Hilda's College. By the way, this
splendid institution has advanced by
leaps and bounds, and the fine resi-
dence, the perfect principal and the
bright and earnest students are some-
thing its supporters are very proud of.

I am asked to interest readers in the
wants of the Convalescent Home as
regards warm clothing for patients
leaving the institution. In every hospi-
tal a store of extra clothing is a
great blessing. In the Home it will be
most useful, and needed, now the win-
ter has set in.

On Monday Mrs. Herbert Mowat re-
ceived a number of callers, not receiv-
ing a formal reception, as she is still
in mourning, but nevertheless welcom-
ing many friends who were glad to see
her in her new home. A very cosy and
delightful home it is, with room for
the fine old furniture of Westholme in
its unusually spacious precincts. Miss
Jennings gave the callers a hearty wel-
come in the dining-room, and from a
charming table served the usual nice
things.

One of Toronto's gentlemen, a lady
of the old school, very much admired
and beloved by all who had the privi-
lege of her friendship, was Mrs. James
Strachan, who, at the good old age of
77, passed over to the world beyond,
last Monday. Mrs. Strachan was Miss
Augusta Anne Robinson, daughter of
Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robin-
son, and aunt of her namesake, the
sweet singer, Miss Augusta Beverley
Robinson. Dainty and sweet as a rose
was the dear old lady, her soft, white
curls and refined face being a picture
of a high-bred gentlewoman, and her
trenchant wit and keen judgment be-
ing as quick and true as they ever
were. Mrs. Strachan has lived for a
very long time in her comfortable home
in Richmond street west, where among
the art treasures and beautiful things
she loved she was so perfect a hostess.
Her illness was of some duration, and
her funeral took place to St. James'
Cemetery last Thursday at three
o'clock, the burial service being first
read in the Cathedral, of which her
father-in-law, the premier Bishop of
this diocese, the famous John Strachan,
was first rector. Mrs. Strachan's death
leaves the fourth blank this year in the
ranks of Toronto's fine old ladies.

Miss Gibson of Maitland street has
returned to town, after spending the
last six months on the Continent.

Mrs. A. Macfarland is visiting in
Montreal, and is the guest of her sis-
ter, Mrs. Symington, Mountain street.

Mrs. John Dixon was the hostess of a
very enjoyable little tea given on
Thursday in honor of Miss Alice Ward,
who is visiting Miss Strang. Among
those asked to meet this charming New
York girl were Mrs. Le Grand Reed,
Mrs. Arthur Somerville, the Misses
Hedley, Miss Oates, Mrs. Bougard, Miss
Smith, the Misses Kemp, Mrs. McGaw
and many others.

"I like the reception idea, with a
quiet wedding ceremony first, to which
one isn't invited," said the society
dame. "I am always late for a wed-
ding ceremony. Either John keeps me
waiting, or there is an accident, or, if
I go in the car and have the carriage
call for me, the electric power goes
wrong. I never yet got into a church
before the bride but once, and then the
wedding party was half an hour late.
But the reception doesn't bind one
down to the exact time of arrival—even
ten minutes saves me," she went
downstairs to see the new gossamers
put up, with her wedding fineries about
half on and the clock pointing to the
hour of invitation.

Mrs. Anderson has removed from
Spencer avenue to 41 Howard street,
where she receives on the first and
third Thursdays.

Mr. Morris is arranging an exhibi-
tion of his season's work at the Mat-
thews gallery, in Yonge street. This
clever young man always has some
charming pictures, which people should
be sure to see.

There has been a small exodus of
people this week to the South. Mr. and
Mrs. Cawthra and Miss Cawthra of
Yeadon Hall, Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs.
Sydney Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Victor
Cawthra have gone or go at once to
Virginia. Dr. and Mrs. Sheard have

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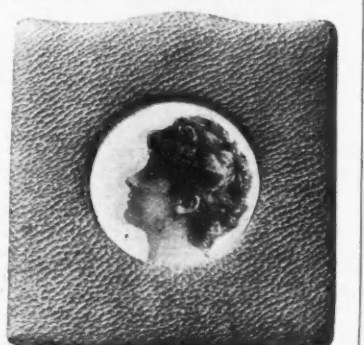
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AN ENGLISH
SOLICITOR'S
STORY.

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BY
Baxter Borret.

spouse tin ever did Eve for Adam, for she undressed him and tucked him up in his bed. The next morning, at breakfast, delicate inquiries were made by the tender wife as to the state of her lord's health, followed up by equally delicate questions as to why he had been making a new will, eliciting a virtuously indignant denial that he had made any new will, reiterated with sundry strange oaths, which increased in vehemence when the ill-tale receipt was produced; then, dead silence.

But "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and the craft of wily woman is immeasurable, calm following storm, and the wily wife proceeded to try her hand at producing sunshine. Old Harbottle's birthday drew nigh, cold wintry weather set in; with her own dead fingers Mrs. H. knitted a warm woolen wrapper for her lord's graceless throat; the birthday gift pleased him so much that, at his own suggestion, hand in hand they betook themselves again to his lawyer's office where another will was drawn up and executed, like unto "will No. 1," leaving her everything absolutely, which will she took into her own custody; and so the birthday ended happily. Alas for the eccentricity of testators! Before another month had passed, and while the tender wife was lying ill upstairs, prostrated with pneumonia, her thoughtful husband, and taking his wife by the hand, drew up by Brooks on the sly, leaving his wife out altogether, bequeathing to his esteemed friend Brooks a legacy of £200, appointing him sole executor, and leaving all the rest of his property to religious charities. This was "will No. 4." And now bitter winter set in, the wife recovered from her illness, but her husband took to his bed, and lay for many days in considerable danger, during which time his wife, obedient to the true instincts of womanhood, nursed him tenderly and devotedly while he lay only half conscious most of the time. One morning (I can fix the exact date, it was Saturday, the 15th of February) he woke from his state of semi-consciousness, and taking his wife by the hand said, "Lizzie, you have been a good wife to me, and I have done you a great wrong, but I will put it right before I die, send a message to your friend Albert to come and see me tomorrow, and find for me that will which Mr. Burke made for me on my birthday." Albert called on the Sunday, was told to make a fresh copy of the will to be signed on the following Tuesday and to bring with him some trusted friend on the evening of that day as a second witness. Albert carried out these instructions to the letter; he and a friend, Mrs. Harbottle's brother, came together to the house; the old man was propped up in his bed, and signed "will No. 5," leaving the executor to his wife, the same as in "will No. 3," two days afterwards he passed away in sleep.

These were the facts of the case precedent to the old man's death, as given to me in detail by the widow when, shortly after the death, she instructed me to act for her. On the morning of the death the widow sent for a friendly undertaker, produced "will No. 5" to him, and gave him instructions for the funeral; two hours later Brooks called on the same undertaker, produced "will No. 4," and was about to give him instructions for the funeral also, but was told he was out of it, as there was a later will. So war was declared, and litigation commenced. The widow applied for probate of "will No. 5," Brooks applied for probate of "will No. 4," alleging that "No. 5" was a forgery; or, in the alternative, that "was executed by the testator under undue influence, and when he was not competent to execute a will. And whilst I was preparing for trial I made inquiries for the small servant girl, Annie Gurr, and was told she had been dismissed by her mistress for impudence, and that her last words on leaving had been "she would make it hot for the missus when the will case came on;" and further private inquiries elicited the fact that she had gone over to the enemy, and was coming forward to swear that she had been in the house the whole of the 18th of February, without once going out; and that neither Mr. Albert nor the second witness had been to the house on that day. This was the desperate bluff I sent for the widow in great haste, and pointed out to her that, if her evidence was believed, the case would not stop there, but would evolve itself into a criminal prosecution of the widow and the attesting witnesses for conspiracy and forgery. She stuck to her guns manfully, and said she feared nothing; and then I asked her how the girl could swear so positively to the date, and turning carelessly over her leaves of my diary I said, "Tuesday, 18th February, Shrove Tuesday," and I muttered the word "Pancakes." I jumped the widow, "Did you say 'pancakes'? Was it Pancake Day? Then you have got her sure enough." And then she was good enough to tell me an interesting little story.

I proceeded to prepare for the trial, retained for my leading counsel an able and experienced Q. C., whom I shall call Mr. Gripper, who advised that the case was a funny one, and that I must be prepared for anything.

The first witnesses called were the attesting witnesses of "will No. 5." Albert gave the account of how he had called on the old man on the Sunday, and had been told by him to make a fresh copy of "will No. 3," to be signed on the following Tuesday.

Albert was subjected to a rather sharp cross-examination as to the circumstances under which he had written "will No. 5" for signature, and he stated that "he wrote it standing up to a slanting desk, and stood on the top of an iron safe at the solicitor's shop, and that no one was present

his seat required me to state on oath that I had kept the terms of the undertaking which I had given the previous afternoon; and he ordered her to go into the witness box at once and took upon himself the duty of examining her.

The excitement in the court was intense, when she stood up in the witness box and took the oath; the first thing she did was only natural under the circumstances — she burst into tears; but a few kind words from the judge reassured her; and after asking her her name and her age, and telling her to take "will No. 5" in her hands, "Now look carefully at that piece of paper," said he, "and tell me whether you have ever seen it before."

"Yes, sir; I saw it when my father was writing it."

"Where was that when he wrote it out?"

"In the shop, sir, standing up to write it on the top of an iron safe that stands at the back of the shop." (I began to breathe more freely.)

"How came you to be in the shop?"

"Father called me to come and bring a dictionary to help him; he wanted to tell him how to spell one or two words."

"Now look at that paper again; take your time, read it all through carefully, and see if you can remember what words it was he asked you to spell for him."

A long pause—during which the judge leaned back in his chair, evidently enjoying the effect of the "poser" which he had given the witness to answer. My anxiety was intense. At last I saw a bright look pass over her face, and she cried out eagerly:

"Oh, yes, I know now, it was 'eighteenth' and 'February.'"

"Exactly so," said Mr. Gripper, rising to his feet at once. "Your Lordship will, no doubt, see that those are two words on that two words which would not be written in 'will No. 5,' for they are the date of 'will No. 5.'"

The effect of this evidence was marvellous. The foreman of the jury actually nodded to me, and the judge, stern as he usually was, could not refrain from saying a few kind words to the witness, complimenting her on the way she had given her evidence.

"Thank the Lord for that," said Mr. Gripper, piously. "Now I will close the case as quickly as I can."

He then proceeded with the re-examination of the widow, bringing out the details of her careful nursing of the old man during his last illness, details which were corroborated by the next witness, the medical man; and so our case was set on safer ground at the close of our evidence.

Then Mr. Smoothly rose to open the case against us, which he did in an impassioned burst of forensic oratory, pouring out torrents of fiery indignation on the head of the heartless harpy who had married the friendless old man for his money, and for nothing else, and had persecuted him day and night till she had induced him, as she thought, to leave her all his money, frustrating his pious intention of benefiting the religious institutions to which he had been so devotedly attached in life. I wish I could reproduce the speech; it wound up by an assertion of his confident assurance that he would be able to satisfy the intelligent body of gentlemen, facing him in the jury box, beyond all possibility of doubt that the will relied on was neither more nor less than a wicked forgery; that he would call before them a witness who, though of comparatively tender years, would give them the clearest evidence that on that momentous day the 18th of February, neither of the witnesses who had sworn with such categorical pertinacity to the signing and witnessing of the will on that day, had ever entered the house (here Mr. Gripper whispered to me, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands. Get the pancake witnesses up, but keep them out of sight"), and that he felt confident that the perjured harpy would by their verdict be sent back to her home in Georgetown, disappointed, to end her days in ignominy, a very scorn and derision to all them that are round about her.

The first witness called by Mr. Smoothly was Brooks, who testified to the instructions given to him for the preparation of "will No. 4." (the due execution of which had been admitted) and he spoke of the old man having made to him many complaints of his want of affection, and of his conviction that she did not care for him, and that she only married him to get his money, and of his determination that she should not have it. Brooks was literally turned inside out on cross-examination by Mr. Gripper, who elicited from him that, in all his years of intimate acquaintance with him, the old man had never once entered a place of worship except on his wedding day ("so much for his piety and zeal for religious charities!" said Mr. Gripper), and that, notwithstanding his bequests in former wills to charities of legacies amounting to £30,000, he did not leave behind him more than £5,000 all told. In fact Brooks was the witness box in chastened humility.

And now came the crowning event of the trial. Into the witness box tripped lightly the diminutive Annie Gurr, as perky as a young dragonfly, with an air of precocious sagacity, and tossing with a sarcastic scowl in the direction of where her former mistress sat. She of course swore by the card, that she had never left the house for a minute on the 18th of February, and that neither of the two attesting witnesses had been to the house on that day or night.

"My lord, I rise most unwillingly at this point," said Mr. Gripper, "to ask your lordship to give me leave to call the witnesses whose names have been written down on the paper which I now hand to your lordship, to contradict that evidence flatly."

"I never like to shut out evidence," said Mr. Gripper, "said the judge. "Let us hear the evidence through first, and renew your application when it is closed. Do you cross-examine the witness, Mr. Gripper?"

"Most certainly I do, my lord. Now, Annie Gurr," said Mr. Gripper, softly, "I implore you to be very careful how

"voice ask to an eloquent whisper
"Are you fond of pancakes, Annie Gurr?"

"Yes, sir, when I can get them."

"Do you ever remember having pan-
cakes whilst you were in Mrs. Har-
bottle's service, Annie Gurr?"

"Yes, sir, but only once."

"Now, Annie Gurr, I want to ask
you, do you know Mr. Thomas At-
kins, a soldier, a nephew, I think, of
Mrs. Harbottle?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I know him quite well
he came to stay with missus while
was there."

"Now, Annie Gurr, do be very care-
ful how you answer this question
does Mr. Thomas Atkins like pan-
cakes?"

"Oh yes, sir; that he do."

"Really, Mr. Gripper," said the
judge sternly, "I am always most un-
willing to interfere with any counsel
during his cross-examination of a wit-
ness, but there are limits to the pa-
tience even of a judge."

"My lord, I most humbly crave your
lordship's indulgence for one moment
longer. I pledge myself not to ask
this witness one irrelevant question,"
said Mr. Gripper.

"Now, Annie Gurr, you were telling
us that you had pancakes once while
you were at Mrs. Harbottle's house—
can you tell us when that was? Do
be careful, Annie Gurr."

"Well, you see, sir, it were on Pan-
cake day, and Mr. Atkins he were
staying with Missus, and Missus says
"Let us have some, auntie," says he.
"Why, it's Pancake day," says she.
"Let us have some, auntie," says he.
"Annie, go out and buy a shilling's
worth of eggs," says she."

"Well, Annie Gurr, go on," said Mr.
Gripper. "You went out, bought the
eggs, and you and your mistress made
some pancakes; is that so?"

"Yes, sir; and we sat in the kitchen,
me and her, and Mr. Atkins, and we
ate sixteen of them; I ate eight of
them myself, sir."

"Merciful powers!" said Mr. Gripper.

"Well, and what happened then, Annie
Gurr, though I hardly like to ask the
question?"

"Well, sir, missus says to me, 'Annie,'
says she, 'you know where Mrs. Peach-
ey lives; just ask the rest of the pan-
cakes to her house; she and her hus-
band may like them; wait while they
fry them and eat them, and bring the
dish back,' says she, and so I went
there."

"How far off is Mr. Peachey's house,
Annie Gurr? How long did it take
you to get there? Remember, you had
just eaten eight pancakes."

"Well, sir, it took me over five min-
utes to walk there, sir."

"And how long did it take them to
get ready the frying-pan, fry the pan-
cakes and eat them, Annie Gurr?"

"Well, sir, it was a pretty good time,
sir. I sat there whilst they was eat-
ing them, and I ate two more."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Mr.
Gripper. "How long were you away
altogether, Annie Gurr, going, staying
and returning; be very careful; re-
member, you had now eaten ten
pancakes; may I say an hour?"

"Yes, sir; it would be well nigh that,
sir."

"At what time of the day was this,
Annie Gurr? Morning, afternoon or
evening?"

"It were about eight in the evening,
sir, when I went out."

"And that was the only time you
ever had pancakes all the time you
were at Mrs. Harbottle's, was it, Annie
Gurr, you are quite sure of that; do
be careful?"

"Yes, sir, I am quite sure, sir; only
once, sir."

"And what day was this, Annie
Gurr; your memory is wonderful?"

"It were Pancake day, sir, for I
heard missus say so, and so did Mrs.
Peachey."

"Saved by a pancake!" ejaculated
Mr. Gripper, sotto voce.

"Have you any question to ask the
witness before she leaves the box, Mr.
Smoothly?" asked the judge.

"No, my lord; I confess I have been
greatly astonished, as well as greatly
amused, at my learned friend's cross-
examination, but I cannot see what
pancakes, or Pancake day, have to do
with the execution of 'will No. 5' by
the testator."

"Consult an almanac for this year,
Mr. Smoothly, and you will be enlight-
ened," said the judge. "I shall direct
the jury, as a matter of common
knowledge, that the day which is ec-
clesiastically known as 'Shrove Tues-
day'; that as a fact, Shrove Tuesday
this year fell on Tuesday, the 18th of
February, the date of the execution of
will No. 5; therefore, your last witness
in swearing, as she has done, that she
never was out of doors the whole of
the evening of the 18th of February,
but that she was out for at least an
hour on the evening of Pancake day,
contradicts her self, and that her evi-
dence to the effect that the two at-
testing witnesses never came to the
house on that evening is worthless.
Mr. Gripper, you may spare yourself
the trouble of calling Mr. and Mrs.
Peachey, and Mr. Thomas Atkins."

My story draws rapidly to its end.
Mr. Smoothly summed up his case with
a fiery outburst of vituperation on the
witness's devoted head, from which her
comely bonnet of black was ineffectual
to shield it; and the peroration was
particularly fine. Mr. Gripper, in his
reply, wisely avoided the dangerous
pitfalls of fervid oratory, strongly
urged the probability of the truth of
the story told by the widow and
the two attesting witnesses as to
the due execution of "will No. 5,"
to the same purport and effect as will
Nos. 1 and 3, and that, without for a
moment impeaching the testator's
character for piety, it was only reason-
able—in fact, only the natural out-
come of the workings of a pious mind
—that the old Harbottle should at the last
have recognized it as a duty to pro-
vide for his widow, who had nursed
him so carefully in his last illness, and
not disinherit her in order to benefit
charities in which, during his lifetime,
he had never taken any active interest.
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but convincing advocacy.

The judge's summing up was cer-
tainly cruelly sarcastic, and did not
spare the widow or favor our case. The



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Curious Bits of News.

Madame Alva, the famous Australian vocalist, went out of her way to sing to a sick nun at Bendigo, Victoria. She has just been the recipient of a legacy of £35,000, left her by an admirer in recognition of her kindness.

The present British navy, built within twenty years, is the biggest piece of quick work the world has ever seen, and beats all other countries' records, both in bulk and in detail, by sixty-five ships, or ten years of time.

An electric railway is to be constructed between Liverpool and Manchester, intended especially for the swift transportation of passengers. It is said that the system adopted will be that of the single elevated rail, the cars being suspended from the rail. The projectors talk of sending trains from one city to the other, a distance of about 29 miles, in 15 minutes, or at the rate of 115 miles an hour.

In some new bank buildings that are being erected in London it has been decided to trust neither police, private custodians, nor safes. All walls connected with the money vaults are to have old-fashioned cannon-balls loosely embedded in them, the idea, of course, being that the rounded surfaces of the cannon-balls will cause burglars' tools to slip, and there will be no chance of picking the walls to pieces quickly enough for burglarious depredations.

It is with some surprise that one reads in a recent report of the director of the National Observatory at Athens that, taking area into account, earthquakes are about twice as frequent in Greece as they are in Japan. The latter country has usually been looked upon as par excellence the land of earthquakes. It would appear that its earthquakes are, upon the whole, more severe than those in Greece, although the great architectural monuments of Greece have suffered much from seismic disturbances.

The most extensive use of the telephone in steam railroad service is probably made by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, of which F. P. Valentine is superintendent of telegraphs. This road uses the telephone for all its train dispatching at the Boston terminal, and also for announcing the approach of trains from one signal tower to another along the route. It also has leased a long-distance line from Boston to New York, and over this transmits much business formerly done by telegraph.

"On the Duties of a Wife."

MARY SOMERVILLE, the mathematician, was a charming as well as a great woman. Indeed, as a girl, and later as a youthful widow, she was called prettily the "Rose of Jedwood," and was decidedly a belle. In person she was small, graceful, clear-eyed, of delicate features and a complexion like strawberries and cream; in disposition she was shy and modest, yet with a quick sense of humor, a gentle wit and a ready friendliness that won affection everywhere. The art of rejecting suitors with the least possible pain was one which she soon had to acquire; but she had one suitor whom, notwithstanding her sweet disposition, she found it a satisfaction to disappoint. She had unobtrusively begun, simply for her own pleasure in leisure hours, the studies which afterward won her fame. But this gentleman so highly disapproved of learning for ladies that he sent the pretty widow by way of love-token a very long, very prosy volume of most old-fashioned and illiberal sermons concerning women, with the page ostentatiously turned down at one, "On the Duties of a Wife."

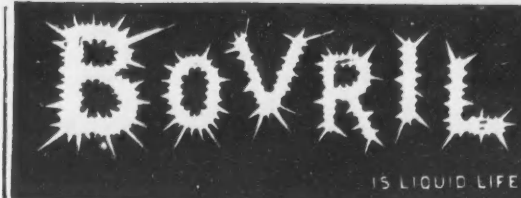
"I thought this as impertinent as it was premature," she records with spirit. "I sent back the book and refused the proposal."

It was not the last impertinence of the kind. On her betrothal to Doctor Somerville, his younger sister wrote her a letter purposely to express a hope that "you will now give up your foolish manner of life and studies, and make a useful and respectable wife to my brother." The brother, who fully sympathized with his fiancée's intellectual aspirations, was properly incensed, however, and so manfully defended her to his family that they dared venture no farther protest. On their wedding trip the young couple were joined near the termination of their honeymoon by several relatives, one of whom fell seriously ill at a forlorn little country inn where few comforts were obtainable. The whole party was detained, and the mathematical bride promptly betook herself to the kitchen and constituted herself head cook and assistant nurse. The invalid took a sick fancy for currant jelly; notwithstanding a discouraging array of difficulties, she made him some which proved delicious. "And," she declared merrily, after she had been for long years a successful wife and mother as well as one of the most famous women in Europe, "I can never forget the astonishment expressed at my being able to be so useful!"

That was the time when the Blue-stocking—unfeminine, unattractive, crammed with dry and useless lore—was still a bugbear to girls even in intelligent girls away from books. We know better now. We know that there were never many genuine specimens of that painful sisterhood, and that most of the women who have been precious to the world for their learning, wisdom or genius, have been also women who were precious in the home.

The Nineteenth Century Bugaboo.

A prominent scientist was telling the story of Pandora's box to his little son. He was telling it with all possible dramatic effect. "And she slowly lifted that lid and peeped within, and then, what do you think came out?" "Germs!" cried his little son, promptly.



Robert Barr and the Wilkesbarre Clock.

ANOTHER one of the practical jokes of the amiably irrepressible Robert Barr comes to light. It seems that the tower of the Court House at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, has a big clock with four faces. This clock is normally sedate and well behaved, as becomes the very respectable city which it adorns; but one morning a number of years ago Wilkesbarre awoke to find that each of the faces was telling a different story and the bell a fifth story, for when the bell rang out the hour of three in the afternoon it was eight o'clock by the north face, two by the west, twelve by the east and ten by the south. The four faces and the bell were brought into harmony, but the perpetrator of the peculiar atrocity remained undiscovered. A few weeks ago a Wilkesbarre young lady, in reading about the adventures of Jennie Baxter, pounced upon a rather remarkable inaccuracy. She discovered that Mr. Barr on one page gave his heroine light hair and on another attributed to her raven locks, and so she sat down straightway and wrote to Mr. Barr about the matter. Mr. Barr's reply, which we append, not only touches upon the color of Jennie Baxter's hair, but it clears away the mystery which formerly surrounded the surprising behavior of the Wilkesbarre City Hall clock.

Hillhead, Woldingham, Surrey, England.

Dear Miss—Your letter has remained unanswered for some time, because I have been very busy trying to make up for time enjoyed for three months in America, when I did nothing but fool around the country in the snow. Why did I make Jennie Baxter have fair hair on page 2 and black hair on page 145? I'm sure I don't know. Can't fair hair be dyed black? I thought it could. But then I don't believe Jennie would have dyed her hair, do you? It was all a mistake on my part, undoubtedly when I read the proof. It was a judgment on me for having put the clock wrong the last and only time I was in picturesque Wilkesbarre. I went up on the tower there (on the City Hall, isn't it?) and pushed the hands of the big clock so that all the faces gave different time and all wrong. I was never caught, but I was young and frivolous at the time, so retribution waited on me until now. I think that must be the true explanation.

Yours most sincerely,
ROBERT BARR.

Books and Their Makers.

EBEN HOLDEN by Irving Bacheller is a book much after the style of David Harum in many respects, and yet as far removed from it, in other respects, as the north from the south pole. Largely it is an autobiography, and this being so it has much of the drollness that made David Harum a success. For Mr. Bacheller's career has led him through experiences rich in the grotesque, the common-place

and out-of-the-way phases of Yankee life. He was, the "Bookman" informs us, at various times a "telegraph operator, a postoffice clerk, a salesman, a scrubwoman, a bookkeeper and a delivery wagon." He grew to be familiar with the goings of the wood stove and the cracker barrel, and it is to the memory of those days and that environment that is owed the quaint humor and philosophy of Eben Holden. After a short term in the school at Canton, Ohio, he again started out in the world for himself and went travelling through Vermont, selling dairy implements. This venture, however, proved unsuccessful, and in 1878, at the age of nineteen, he entered St. Laurence University, from which he was graduated as Bachelor of Sciences in 1882. Then he went to New York City and plunged into newspaper work, as a reporter. During the campaign of 1884 in a great wigwag on Bushwick avenue he underwent practically the same experience that befell William Brower in the forty-second chapter of Eben Holden. In a word, he was mistaken General Bacheller, and was overwhelmed with the honors meant for that worthy. Late in 1884 Mr. Bacheller gave up his reporterial position to start the Bacheller Syndicate. This organization was from the first a success, and did a great deal toward the revolutionizing of literary methods. He was the first to see the power in The Red Badge of Courage, and in the winter of 1894 he and Crane and Willis B. Hawkins and Howard Fielding hung out "The Sign of the Lantern" at the little chalet on Monkey Hill, described in Eben Holden.

Though bearing a strong resemblance to David Harum, Mr. Bacheller's book has a plan and method of its own. Take David Harum and his philosophy out of Westcott's novel and nothing worth having would remain. Take Eben Holden out of Bacheller's novel and an entertaining narrative would still remain. For though the old philosopher gives his name to the book, it is a very different person—one Willie Brower—who gives it a hero. At the beginning of the story this Willie Brower is a very small boy in a very large basket, who is being carried on the back of Eben Holden. They were the survivors of a ruined home in the north of Vermont, and were travelling far into the valley of the St. Lawrence, but with no particular destination.

The two wander about rather aimlessly, sleeping under the stars at night and trudging through forests which abound with game and wild beasts. There is rather a light-hearted and jovial existence, but one not without its dangers and its discouragements. At length, after months of this existence, the old man and the boy find a home in Paradise Valley, at the house of David Brower, who adopts the youngster as his son, and who cares for them both until the boy reaches manhood. How the years pass, how William Brower begins to look out upon the world, how he goes to college and how his heart begins to beat fast as he looks upon Hope Brower, the daughter of his adopted father, shall be left to the reader to

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find out. The time comes when he leaves college and seeks his fortune in New York, going to live in a strange boarding-house on the summit of Monkey Hill, a quaint bit of New York hard by the old Printing House Square. His intention is to find work with the New York newspapers, and he very naturally turns to the "Tribune," to whose great editor he carries a letter of introduction. Greeley does not hire young Brower just then, though he gives him kindly advice, encouragement and something in the way of a chance. Time passes, the long-awaited opportunity to go to work seems woefully slow in coming, and young Brower finds that his store of money is being rapidly diminished. He concludes that he would be willing to take a place on one of the lesser journals. Finally he concludes that he is willing to do any work of mind goes out upon the streets, and taking up a pick and a crowbar, helps in the paving of Park Place. It is while engaged thus that, in the middle of one afternoon, he straightens up a moment to ease his back and look about him.

"There at the edge of the gang stood the great Horace Greeley and Waxy McClinglan. The latter beckoned me as he caught my eye. I went aside to greet them. Mr. Greeley gave me his hand.

"Do you mean to tell me that you'd rather work than beg or borrow?" said he.

"And ain't ashamed of it?"

"Ashamed! Why?" said I, not quite sure of his meaning. It had never occurred to me that one had any cause to be ashamed of working.

"He turned to McClinglan and laughed.

"I guess you'll do for the 'Tribune,'" he said. "Come and see me at twelve to-morrow."

So Brower goes to work and plays his minor part in bringing about and recording the great events of that great time.

The love story running through the book is full of beauty, and there is no wonder at Mr. Bacheller's book having "scored" so decidedly. The Poole Publishing Company have brought out a Canadian edition.

Ian Hamilton's March, another chronicle of campaigning by the indefatigable Lieut. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P., has just been issued by the Copp, Clark Company. Other recent publications by this house are: The House of Egremont by Molly Elliot Seawell, Tommy and Grizel by James M. Barrie, Dr. North and His Friends by S. Weir Mitchell, and Pattern von Volkenberg. The Poole Publishing Company has brought out a Life of Henry George, by his son, Henry George, Jr. Some of the George N. Morang Company's new books are: The Infidel, by M. E. Braddon, The Lane That Had No Turning, by Gilbert Parker, A Woman Tenderfoot, by Mrs. Ernest Seton Thompson, and Committed to His Charge, by R. and K. M. Lizards. The W. J. Gage Company's new publications include Lord Jim, by Joseph Conrad, and The Footsteps of a Throne, by Max Pemberton.

Mme. Sarah Grand is coming to

America in January. She has prepared two lectures, entitled respectively The Human Quest and Mere Man, and has been delivering them with some success in England. If she had ventured this visit just after the publication of The Heavenly Twins she would have been an object of extremely profitable curiosity. Her later books have not aroused any remarkable interest on this side of the water.

Our Boys Under Fire, a book of about one hundred pages, giving an outline of the career of the First Canadian Contingent to Africa, with special reference to the volunteers from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, has just been brought out at the "Examiner" office, Charlottetown, by Annie Elizabeth Mellish.

The poor young Prince Imperial of France appears in Guy Boothby's new novel, Long Live the King. The author imagines what might have happened if the Prince had not died at the hands of the Zulus.

Eden Phillpotts has temporarily deserted fiction, his forthcoming book consisting of fifty-two descriptive articles emblematic of the seasons.

In Her Days is a Victorian calendar for 1901. The headings for the sheet of each month are by Mr. J. D. Kelly, and they are exceedingly well done, all of them having some Imperial significance, either as to locality, face or event. The principal events given in connection with the date-lines of the months are almost universally of the same loyal nature, though covering the birthdays of authors and artists, as well as soldiers, and having also to do with treaties and great public events. The compilation of the text is by Sara Mickle, and the work is by the Toronto Lithographing Company.



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The Drama

It would be interesting were the people of Toronto enabled to hear Rostand's *L'Aiglon* next week as a sequel to Bergerat's *More Than Queen*, which has been played at the Grand this week by Blanche Walsh. *More Than Queen* revolves around the failure of Josephine de Beauharnais to present Napoleon with offspring, and their consequent estrangement, ending in the divorce of the Empress. *L'Aiglon* takes up the life of the heir Bonaparte obtained through his subsequent marriage into the House of Austria and traces it to its futile end—an end which justified every plea of the much-wronged Josephine to Napoleon against the sacrifice of his love for so dubious an end as the succession of his own line of issue. The Emperor sacrificed the woman who loved him and whom he really loved to an insane craving to become the progenitor of kings. Heaven granted him his wish in a son, but a son who was unfit and unable to follow in the steps of the father, and in whom the promise and the glory of the great conqueror was doomed to suffer final extinction. What could be more pathetic, or more instructive to ambitious men, than the end of all Napoleon's schemings in the snuffing out of the sputtering little rushlight he had brought into being? The puny "eaglet" whom Rostand has portrayed asks only in his closing hours that he be called once more King of Rome and son of Napoleon. The futility of even this last small ambition of the heir of Bonaparte is shown when Metternich, as soon as the lad's eyes are closed, orders that he be clothed in the Austrian uniform. These things, verily, would make a fitting sequel to the suffering we see wrought by selfishness in the drama of *More Than Queen*, and it is to be regretted that *L'Aiglon* cannot follow immediately as its epilogue.

Blanche Walsh's acting and voice are increasingly marked by mannerisms, some of which detract from her power, but she is a profound artist for all that, and her hold on her audiences, her ability to sway men and women by the sheer force of her own intense vitality, was never more strikingly demonstrated than in *More Than Queen*. She had greater scope for her emotional resources in such plays as *La Tosca* and *Fedora*, and at times she falls short in the more subtle passages of *More Than Queen*.

wherein the tap of a finger would bring out more than the blow of a sledge-hammer. Miss Walsh is a sledge-hammer, and if she were anything else she would not be Blanche Walsh. She uses in her production the same lavish and magnificent mounting formerly used by Julia Arthur. The scenery and costumes are a delight. Nothing could be more striking in its way than the coronation scene in Notre Dame Cathedral—though it would be vastly improved by the removal of the buckram make-believe crowd at the rear. Miss Walsh's company is almost from end to end unworthy of so great a play and so gifted an actress. William Humphrey, who plays Napoleon, was alone anywhere near efficiency. At times his work was very fairly done, while at other times he totally failed to invest his part with dignity.

Talking about *L'Aiglon*, John D. Barry, the well-known critic, in reviewing the new plays of the season in "Collier's Weekly," takes the view that Maude Adams is a failure in the role Bernhardt has made famous. "Far be it from me," he declares, "to say that Miss Adams is not one of the most charming actresses that we have; but she cannot play everything. When she was with John Drew she had several parts that suited her and she played them with wonderful effectiveness, showing a good deal of originality in imitating pretty and characteristic bits of feminine stage business. But in a Bernhardt role she seems quite a different woman. So far as looks go, no criticism can be made. As a rule, I dislike to see women play boys' parts; the assumption of male dress in some way enhances their femininity and makes the whole performance either incongruous or farcical or unpleasant. But Miss Adams really looks like a boy—a boy of fourteen or fifteen, not like the young man the Duke is supposed to be at the time of the action. Of course, when she speaks, the illusion does not remain very strong. It is pathetic to think of Miss Adams playing such a character as *L'Aiglon* night after night to crowds of indiscriminating admirers, just as it was pathetic to see her touring over the country last year holding up to the admiration of her audiences a feeble reflection of Shakespeare's Juliet."

The curiously juvenile individual who insists on hearing a speech every time an actor or actress makes a half decent job of his or her lines, still frequents the top galleries in Toronto. Why an actor should be invited to make a loun of himself by coming out and mumbling a little of nothing

about nothing, transcends explanation; and in the case of an actress the odd custom of this locality is equally silly, and perhaps more so. The ordinary recall is quite sufficient evidence of approbation, and is so accepted in nearly every place except Toronto and Podunk. Actors, as a rule, are astonished and embarrassed when "assessed" for a speech.

The Lean One—Young man, I was acting before you were born. The Fat One—Oh, no; I was born before you were acting. You haven't begun yet.

Shea's had one of the most varied and interesting programmes of the season this week. There was not one dull number from start to finish, and as this was one of Mr. Shea's own selections of talent, it all went to show that when he sets his mind to it the purveyor of vaudeville for the good people of Toronto and Buffalo can get together as clever a lot of people as any of the travelling vaudeville companies. McIntyre and Heath, in the Georgia minstrels, gave as laughable a coon sketch as was ever put on the boards. Musical Dale, in an exposition of concertina playing and bell-ringing, produced some extremely sweet and pleasing melody, and Joseph A. Phillips, a baritone singer from Buffalo, who made his first appearance in Toronto, captivated every auditor. The other turns were good without exception.

Amongst Shakespeare's plays *Romeo and Juliet* is one I enjoy more in the reading than in the seeing. As an exposition of the idealism and fervor of first and early passion, it makes a pretty story—albeit a bit depressing—but on the stage it always looks rather silly. It is a play in which most actors find it difficult to avoid overdoing nature and going the "immortal bard" one better. Taking these facts into consideration, and viewing the performance in the light of stock-company standards, I enjoyed the production at the Princess this week. Still, after coming out of the theater I had a realizing sense of the reason why so few people will go out of their way to seek such lugubrious entertainment. There is too much death and horror in it to attract men and women who ask for recreation after the ceaseless grind of the day. Jack Webster, Meta Maynard and Mary Taylor divided the honors of the presentation as *Romeo*, *Juliet* and the Nurse respectively. The next offering of the Valentines will be *The Silver King*.

The Telephone Girl, which has already visited Toronto a couple of times at the Grand, has now become a low-priced show, and was seen at the Toronto this week in a very fair production.

One of the dramatic wonders of the hour unquestionably is Richard Mansfield's production of *Henry V.* He has lavished thousands on it and has an enormous company of players in his support. Which causes John D. Barry, the critic already quoted, to ask, "What is more pitiful than misdirected artistic endeavor?" Henry V., says Mr.



RICHARD MANSFIELD AS HENRY V.

Barry, is one of the dullest of Shakespeare's plays as well as the worst constructed. It might have been dashed off by Shakespeare to fill in a gap between two really important productions. It is incoherent, episodic, and most curious of all, it does not adequately explain itself. However, it has the interest of being a curiosity, and Mr. Mansfield has spent a small fortune on presenting it magnificently. The stage settings are a joy to the eye; the management of the crowds reveals genius on the part of the stage manager. But, after all, Mr. Mansfield is the center of interest. Like Mr. Sothern, he is an actor whose talent finds its natural and only convincing expression in eccentric characterizations. Straightforward acting is wholly out of his line. Now, *Henry V.* is straightforward, a plain, blunt man, if any man ever was; so it is astonishing to see him represented as eccentric in bearing, with occasional lapses into the high nasal utterance associated with Mr. Mansfield's impersonation of Baron Chevalier. The purely declamatory passages this actor delivers with a splendid fullness of voice, but without variety, without illumination.

"A school boy with wicked intentions and a bent pin has fewer possibilities in him of pain to other people than an untrained actor."—Bronson Howard.

Delcher and Hennessy, proprietors of Gertrude Coghlan's version of *Vanity Fair*, threaten to turn the tables on Harrison Grey Fiske and his clever wife, Minnie Madden Fiske. Mr. and Mrs. Fiske, as everyone knows, took exception to the new Becky Sharp play as an infringement of their copyright and were successful in proceedings for an injunction to restrain Miss Coghlan from playing it. The latter's managers have now bought out a version, which, it is claimed, was dramatized by J. C. Nevins in 1892 and copyrighted five years later. They claim that Mrs. Fiske's play is an infringement of this earlier copyright, and are accordingly about to make an attempt through the courts to put her and her play "out of business."

The preparations for the Homeric play, *The Return of Odysseus*, are proceeding apace. Miss Mabel Hay Barrows, of Boston, the director, is at the University daily from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Greek dances, Greek gymnastics, Greek games, Greek declamations and dialogue, not to speak of Greek music, are being evolved most successfully. To scholars the names of many of Miss Barrows' sponsors will convey much. The name of such an archaeologist as Prof. Manatt, who is the joint author, with the Greek Ephor, Dr. Chrestos Tsountas, of one of the most valuable and recent works, "The Mycenaean Age"—the age of which Homer gives us a picture—speaks volumes. Sol Smith Russell, another sponsor, may not be a Greek archaeologist, but he knows a good play. Still another is Mrs. Ormiston Chant, the famous English lady who took a band of English nurses to Greece during the war between that country and Turkey a few years ago, and co-operated with the Queen of Greece in the establishment of floating hospitals. The play has been given very successfully in connection with different colleges, universities and societies of

various kinds in the United States—at Radcliffe College, at Brown University, at Rochester University, at Colorado Springs, at Minnesota University, Minneapolis. But perhaps the most interesting production of the play was at Chicago where the players were native Greeks. The play as given there was written up by the Greek newspapers in Europe.

Perhaps the greatest demonstration upon the part of the average audience witnessing Hall Caine's play, *The Christian*, which will be seen at the Grand next week, occurs in the third act. John Storm, driven to the verge of madness by the belief that Horatio Drake is conspiring to the moral destruction of Glory Quayle, and frenzied by jealousy, attempts to kill her. The end of this scene finds Glory Quayle on her knees, with a crucifix raised, praying for the safety of John Storm, who had left her and been attacked by a mob in the streets, and, as the curtain falls, the shouts of the mob are heard. Notwithstanding the force of this incident and the great scene at the end of the second act, where John Storm saves Lord Robert Ure and Horatio Drake from the attack of his parishioners, it is the opinion of very many people who have seen the play that the most touchingly effective situation of all occurs just before the curtain falls, when Horatio Drake clasps the hands of Glory Quayle and John Storm, and leaves them reunited with a fervent "God bless you." The part of John Storm, essayed by Henry Kolker, was suggested to Mr. Caine, in great part, by the career of the Hon. and Rev. James Granville Adderley, the fifth son of Lord Norton, who is known to fame as Father Adderley, and is Anglican priest of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, London. He is a vowed "Brother of Mercy," and abandoned a career in the English Civil Service to become a missionary among the most depraved and the poorest of London. Another noted character, an Anglican priest of the London slums, whose personality and disposition suggested certain traits to Mr. Caine in the creation of John Storm, was Rev. A. H. Stanton, who is known to the dissolute about Seven Dials as "Daddy" Stanton. Miss Lilla Vane will be seen here as Glory Quayle.

Next week Mr. Shea will present the distinguished actor Robert Hilliard and his own supporting company, in the pathetic episode in one act entitled *The Littlest Girl*. This sketch was dramatized by Mr. Hilliard from Richard Harding Davis' story *Her First Appearance*. It is one of the daintiest and most intensely interesting sketches ever presented in vaudeville. The scene is laid in the Berkley Flats, in Fifth avenue, New York, and the setting is superb. Al Srean and Charles L. Warren have been engaged by Mr. Shea to present their laughable travesty, *Quo Vadis Upside-down*, which is said to be the best comedy act brought out this season. It will be seen in Toronto for the first time next week. Then there are the Four Colins, in a sensational dancing act recently imported from Europe. This will be their first appearance outside of New York city. William H. Windon and the Blackstone Quartette are great favorites, and this will be their first visit to Toronto in almost a year. Callahan and Mack, in Celtic comedy, are said to have none of the old style of Irish comedy about them. Mark Sullivan, in a monologue, will be a new face at Shea's. Cheridah Simpson, vocalist and musical comedienne, the noted Nimble Nevaros, acrobats, and Johnston and Blodgett, cyclists, complete a splendid bill. This is another of the shows of Mr. Shea's own selection, which means that it is far superior to any travelling organization.

LANCE.

The Phrase of the Moment.

The popular phrase of the moment is quite the ugliest we have had yet, remarks a contemporary. To say that a man "had wheels" was not so bad, and the metaphor behind the expression was not hard to find. "Bats in his belfry" was adorned by alliteration's artful aid, and was almost poetic. The expression of the moment is like unto neither of these. I stood near two women in market yesterday morning. Said one to the other:

"Where's Marie?"

"Oh," responded the woman addressed, "she's gone to an auction. She has a bug on auctions you know."

Last night at dinner the State Department man came in with some chrysanthemums.

"I couldn't help buying them," he explained. "I've always had a bug on yellow flowers."

And if anything could be more hideous, linguistically,

than to say of a person who is especially fond of this thing or that, that he "has a bug" on the subject, I'd like to know it.

Shattered Her Simple Faith.

Mrs. Shopley—You know the man Blanche Bargandy married is one of the proprietors of a large department store?

Mrs. Earlybird—So I've heard.

Mrs. Shopley—Well, he's awfully cruel to her.

Mrs. Earlybird—Is it possible? What has he done?

Mrs. Shopley—Why, the brute expects her to do all her shopping in his store, although he informed her that no business can sell goods below cost and still carry on business.

Not Improved.

As an unequalled maker of sayings himself, the translator of Omar naturally had an eye for the real aphorism when he came across it. Here are some maxims which Edward FitzGerald once collected:

"Iniquitous intercourses contaminate proper habits."

"One individual may pilfer a quadruped, where another may not cast his eye over the boundary of a field."

"In the absence of the feline race, the mice give themselves up to various pastimes."

"Feathered bipeds of advanced age are not to be entrapped with the outer husks of corn."

"More confectioners than are absolutely necessary are apt to ruin the potage."

"One of 'Punch's' little jokes" FitzGerald calls the above, adding that "elegance of style does not always mend the matter."

Notes From the Capital.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER and Lady Laurier returned to Ottawa on Friday afternoon from Quebec, where they had been stopping at the Chateau Frontenac. All along the line Sir Wilfrid was the center of enthusiastic demonstrations; he had been given a great send-off by the people of Quebec, but when he arrived at the Central station, at Ottawa, there were only a few people there, and they had come to meet Sir Charles Tupper, who was in a Canadian Pacific car that arrived shortly after the Canada Atlantic train, in which were the Premier and party. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier had heard the election returns in the rink at Quebec, where they were given seats in a darkened gallery at the lower end, from where they could see everything and yet not be seen. Madame Henri Lamothie, one of Lady Laurier's intimate personal friends, made the journey to and from Quebec with her and stopped with her at the Frontenac.

The latest news of Madame Belcourt, whose husband was returned for Ottawa, is that she is slightly better, though not yet well enough to leave New York. Mrs. Clifford Sifton went up to Brandon last week to be with her husband during his contest, and now she has gone with him to the Coast. Hon. A. G. Blair and Mrs. Blair arrived in Ottawa on Tuesday last. The family of Sir Richard Cartwright has been here for some time. Soon, probably, we will hear of some gaiety commencing, for as yet there has been very little. The lack of it was put down to political excitement, but that is now almost all gone, and society, if it does not wish to entertain, must seek for a new excuse.

This week, on Wednesday, there was a card party, given by Miss Inez Goodwin, eldest daughter of Mr. George Goodwin, who is the possessor of one of the handsomest houses in Ottawa, a very commodious residence on the corner of Theodore street and Russell avenue. Miss Goodwin is one of the season's debutantes, and will, no doubt, be presented at the Drawingroom to be held next session. Just exactly when next session will be, no one can say, but it is likely to follow old rules and open in February. There is no reason that it should be a long session, which will be learned with regret by debutantes, for the session and gaiety, in their minds, go hand-in-hand. However, a winter session has proved itself, from society's point of view, to be preferable to a spring one. One of the prettiest of this winter's debutantes will be Miss Roma King, the just-grown-up daughter of Mr. Justice King. Miss King has spent the last four or five months abroad with her father and mother, and to much beauty is now added that cachet which only foreign travel can give. There are not, however, so many "buds" on the list this season as were awaiting presentation last autumn, when an entire dance could have been given without going beyond the ranks of the debutantes for girls. And they were all so astonishingly pretty last year that it made the older girls very careful as to what gowns they selected.

Last year's debutantes, as well as those of this, take part in a gymkhana in aid of St. Luke's Hospital, which is to come off in the rink on Friday and Saturday evenings, as well as at a matinee on Saturday. Mrs. Victor Rivers is one of the ladies chiefly instrumental in getting up this entertainment, which is quite a new departure in the line of charity shows in Ottawa. It is almost certain to be well attended, for those taking part are all well known in society. I was almost forgetting to say that it is a bicycle gymkhana, and in addition to races, and musical lancers there will be sports, with entry free to all. The ladies in charge have given a special invitation to soldiers returned from South Africa, to come either as spectators, or as competitors in the sports. The soldiers will add to the attractions of the evening by wearing their uniforms of khaki.

On Thursday afternoon and evening there is to be a tea and promenade concert in the Racquet Court, at which the hostesses will be the Friends of the Poor, one of Ottawa's best known charitable organizations. Mrs. George Davison has charge of the tea table, assisted by four or five other ladies. Madame Charles Coursol is to preside over the flowers. Mrs. W. E. Philipotts, Mrs. E. Stanton, the Misses McGee, Mrs. W. L. Scott, Miss Moylan, Miss Scott, Miss Heney, Mlle. Leprohon, Mrs. Caron Pelletier, are among the ladies interested in this entertainment, which usually brings in a large amount, and is the Society's chief source of revenue.

Col. and Mrs. Charles Turner returned last week from Waterbury, Conn., where they went about six weeks ago. Waterbury is Colonel Turner's old home, and his mother is still living there. During their visit they were his guests. Colonel Turner, who is the Consul-General for the United States in Canada, was naturally very pleased with the result of the Presidential campaign. Colonel and Mrs. Turner have rented their pretty home on Sandy Hill for the winter to Mr. Anton Myers, Danish Consul, and have taken apartments on the drawing-room floor of the Russell.

Lord Strathcona was in town for a day or two lately, and while here stopped at his own residence, known as the "Bank Cottage," in O'Connor street. It is next to the Bank of Montreal. On Saturday he was entertained at luncheon by the Premier and Lady Laurier. The gentleman asked to meet him were: Sir Richard Cartwright Mr. R. W. Scott, Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Tarte and Mr. Fitzpatrick.

His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto occupied the Vice-Regal box at the Russell on Monday evening, when *The Christian* was performed by a good company, with Miss Lilla Vane as Glory and Mr. J. H. Kolker in the title role. On Tuesday afternoon there was a pleasant tea, given by Mme. Coursol, of Daly avenue, for Miss Helen Ford, one of the actresses, who is a Canadian girl and a cousin of Mme. Bergeron.

AMARYLLIS.

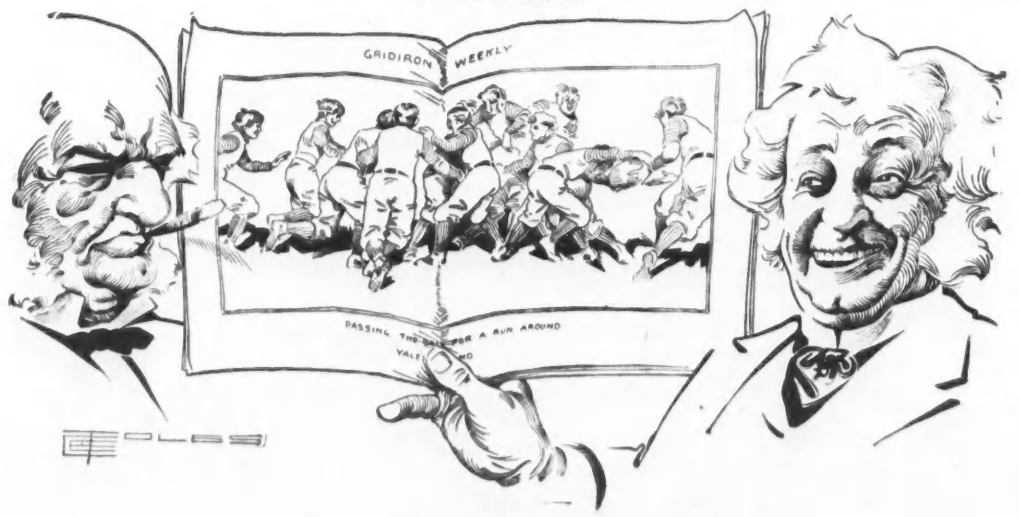
"Would you run away," asked Willie Wishington, "if I were to kiss you?" "Do you mean elope?" whispered Miss Sweetlips, shyly.

An old man was weeping over a tombstone, and a gentleman passing asked with sympathy:

"Have you lost a dear relative?"

"No," said the old man, pointing to the inscription that read: "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man;" "but I was wondering how they managed to lay two poor fellows in one grave."

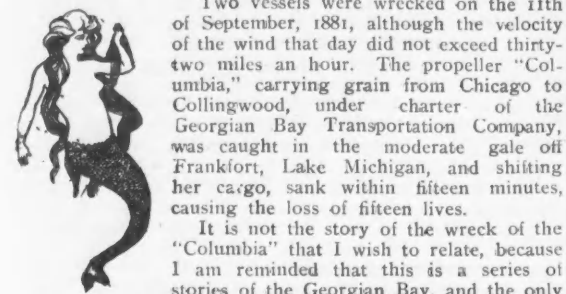
Wanted to Get Off.



"Do you care for football?"
"No, sir; I have twenty clerks in my office."

Tales of the Georgian Bay.

A Brace of Wrecks in a Moderate Gale.—The Heroism of Amos Trip.



Two vessels were wrecked on the 11th of September, 1881, although the velocity of the wind that day did not exceed thirty-two miles an hour. The propeller "Columbia," carrying grain from Chicago to Collingwood, under charter of the Georgian Bay Transportation Company, was caught in the moderate gale off Frankfort, Lake Michigan, and shifting her cargo, sank within fifteen minutes, causing the loss of fifteen lives.

It is not the story of the wreck of the "Columbia" that I wish to relate, because I am reminded that this is a series of stories of the Georgian Bay, and the only relation the "Columbia" bore to Georgian Bay was that Collingwood was the Georgian Bay end of her voyage. However, it might do no harm to say, in passing, that the "Columbia" was of the old-time canal type of vessel, of which it was remarked by an old lake captain that these vessels were built by the mile and cut off in sections, the length of the canal locks. They were bluff bowed and full of cargo, and not to sail well, but to ride well over heavy seas. This type of vessel has now almost vanished from the lakes, and in its place we have a fine class of steel freighters capable of encountering any sea; hence the comparatively small list of marine casualties in recent years.

For many years prior to 1881, beyond the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," two small schooners, the "Annie E. Foster" and "Regina," plied the waters of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, picking up cargoes wherever offered, and of a strangely miscellaneous character at times. Both vessels were owned by Mr. Wm. Foster, of Owen Sound, and in the early days of navigation on Georgian Bay, when vessels were few and trade was limited, these schooners did good service in carrying small cargoes to out-of-the-way ports, as well as occasional loads of lumber. The "Regina" was one of the class of vessels so common in the latter seventies and early eighties, that had "seen better days," and she ought to have been laid up on the shore to rot out her last years, instead of sailing around, a veritable coffin-ship.

The crew of the "Regina" consisted of Captain Amos Trip, John Young, and Wm. Lawrence, all of Collingwood; John Oaks, Port Huron; and a man whose name was unknown to the owners. Shortly before the "Regina" went down she loaded lumber at Parry Sound dock, and Captain Trip, who was well known at every port on Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, was in conversation with a friend, who asked him if he was not timid about sailing such an old boat in the fall of the year, when storms might be expected. Captain Trip replied good-naturedly by saying: "Oh, the old boat is all right, so long as she is loaded with lumber; she'll float us ashore somewhere." Unfortunately for Captain Trip, the old vessel was not loaded with lumber on the 11th of September, 1881. She was on the up trip from Goderich to a Georgian Bay port with a full cargo of salt. When nearing Cove Island the "Regina" was caught in the squall. She began to labor heavily. The straining of the hull by the pounding of the seas, aggravated by the heavy cargo she carried, caused her to spring a-leak. The waves washed over the deck. The salt in the hold became wet, and the vessel water-logged. All the crew except the captain took to the yawl boat and succeeded in getting safe ashore. The crew told the story of the wreck, saying that Captain Trip refused to leave the schooner, believing he could beach her on Cove Island, on the Georgian Bay side, in shelter from the sea. They told a story of their abandonment of the vessel and of the direction of the wind, which was at variance with the facts, as well as mis-stating the hour of the disaster. Subsequent investigation brought to light the schooner's clock, which had stopped some hours later than the hour which the crew gave as the one at which the "Regina" had foundered. The schooner's top-mast was found sticking out of the water, within a short distance of Cove Island, showing that had the vessel kept afloat a few minutes longer she would have reached shallow water and have been saved. From all the circumstances disclosed by the investigation it was apparent that had the crew stuck to the vessel instead of abandoning her when they did, she could have been run on the sand bar at Cove Island and saved. As it was the schooner was lost, and Captain Trip perished in consequence of his devotion to the interest of the owner, while the crew escaped by what looked like a cowardly desertion of the schooner and left the captain to drown almost within reach of land.

The sister schooner of the "Regina," the "Annie E. Foster," in charge of Captain William Richmond, of Parry Sound, was caught in the same gale, within a few miles of Red Rock Lighthouse, at the entrance of Parry Sound channel, and her crew, with a little luck, were able to ride out the gale and reach shelter in the Parry Sound channel.

Although only one life was lost by the sinking of the "Regina," it looks as if an unusually courageous and devoted man was needlessly sacrificed.

The Shoddy Importations of the Temperance League.

NEWSPAPER discussion has rubbed most of the nap from the Woolley incident at Massey Hall. But the warp and woof of the doings of the Canadian Temperance League will bear a good deal of inspection. If the League would but stand by "home-spun" they never would have been taken in by so shoddy a character as the Yankee pro-Boer and wind-jammer who comes from the West and flourishes under the appropriate name of Woolley. If the long years of organization and agitation in Canadian temperance circles have not been utterly barren, this country ought to be able to supply its own prohibitionist exponents. But the movement, steered as it seems to be by the most rabid and tactless element it has produced, apparently "falls down" even in the small matter of presenting its own case, with the result that hot-air artists of the Woolley type are regularly imported, at so much per spout, to instruct Canadians as to their morals and incidentally to insult and browbeat anybody who takes issue with their views or their methods.

I went to the Woolley meeting simply out of curiosity and not expecting a row of any kind. Hundreds of others, I presume, went there as I did—merely to listen and learn, and possibly to be convinced. To these the occurrences of the afternoon and the spirit of injustice pervading a meeting avowedly religious were astounding. Mr. Woolley, in introducing himself, a wholly unnecessary and indefensible attack on a highly-respected Toronto citizen—as good a temperance man, so the workers say, as any in the Dominion. Yet the gentleman traduced was twice choked off by the cut-and-dried rulings of the chair and the hisses and cat-calls of an eminently "Christian" audience, and was prevented from uttering a dozen words in self-defence. It was a spectacle to make the righteous blood boil up in the veins of any lover of fair play. The man Woolley meanly shielded himself behind his employers, saying, "I am here as the guest of the Canadian Temperance League; insult me and you insult them." He hedged most cleverly but contemptibly with regard to the pro-Boer utterances of the newspaper that bears his signature as editor. If he is a courageous man why didn't he state his position boldly, and offer, if necessary, to defend it at the right time and place? The audience would have respected him had he made any kind of stand, instead of wriggling out, as he did, between non-committal declarations that might be as satisfactory to a Boer commando as to a British audience.

The question is not whether Canadians are going to refuse a hearing upon one subject to any individual who is

Something About "Saturday Night's Christmas."

NO holiday publication in Canada ever presented a more attractive and representative list of contributors than will be found in the pages of "Saturday Night's Christmas" for 1900. One of the features of the Number will be an article on "Dramatic Episodes in Canadian History"—a symposium to which the following eminent gentlemen have contributed: Hon. G. W. Ross, Col. Geo. T. Denison, Sir John Bourinot, Mr. James Bain, Jr., Prof. Goldwin Smith, Sir Charles Tupper, Rev. Principal Grant, His Grace Archbishop Langevin, Mr. Louis Frechette, Hon. J. W. Longley, Rev. Dr. Potts, Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, Dr. Geo. Stewart, Dr. Geo. R. Parkin. This will be a novel and distinctive feature, appropriate to the close of the century that has seen Canada's birth and growth in nationhood.

The short stories, all of marked excellence, will be: "The Professor's Romance, a story of Old Quebec," by Mabel Maclean Helliwell; "The Farm Pupil," by Edmund E. Sheppard; "His Holiday," by M. Gertrude Cundill; "Life On a Cattle-ship," a chapter of actual experience such as many a Canadian boy is familiar with, by "Bloggs"; "The Turning of a Card," by Edwin W. Sandys; "A Mismanaged Matchmaking," by Jas. A. Tucker; "With Feet of Clay," by Stambury R. Tarr; "A Belated Christmas," by Frances E. Macartney. There will be several short sketches—"A Legend of the Birds," by S. M. Kennedy; "Cupid at the Dinner Table," by Florence Hamilton Randall; "The Horrid Tragedy of the Burkes' Christmas," and "Little Tales of Little People," by anonymous contributors; poems by John Innes, S. T. Ambre, Virna Sheard and "J.A.T." The children are not forgotten by "Saturday Night" at a season peculiarly devoted to their enjoyment, and several pages of bright reading matter and cuts will appeal specially to them.

The illustrations this year are done by Frederick S. Challener, J. S. Gordon, B. Cory Kilvert, John Innes, Fergus Kyle, Paul Caron, J. S. Holden, and from photographs.

The pictorial supplements—four in number—are unquestionably the best ever issued with a holiday number in Canada. First is the large facsimile, 22 x 30 inches, of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," the greatest painting in the world; "The Modern Madonna," 10 x 21 inches, a companion picture to the above; "Don't Cry, Mamma," 12 x 14 inches, a pathetic study of maternal and filial attachment in time of trouble; "An Impromptu Speech," 10 x 13 inches, in attractive colors. Two other pictures, deserving of mention but forming a part of the book and not accorded the prominence of pictorial supplements, are "Peach Blossoms" and "Where Waters Meet."

For twelve years "Saturday Night's Christmas" has been a welcome holiday visitor in Canadian homes, and

as the record of its sales conclusively proves, it has grown in popularity by leaps and bounds. We are safe in saying that the number about to be issued, which will mark the close of the century, will be in every way worthy of the standard set hitherto. "Saturday Night's Christmas" will be issued in the last week of November, and provision is being made to avoid the unfortunate state of affairs that



RAPHAEL'S "SISTINE MADONNA."

existed last year, when the edition was exhausted in a few days and thousands of would-be purchasers were unable to procure a single copy owing to the impossibility of duplicating some of the parts. This year the publishers expect to be able to meet any demand, yet there is only one way to make sure of obtaining as many copies as you may require for yourself and friends, and that is to order early. A blank order form is printed on page five of this paper. "Saturday Night's Christmas" and its pictorial supplements will be sent in strong pasteboard cylinders to any address for fifty cents.

at variance with Canadian opinion on some other subject. In no country is there greater freedom of speech or a broader tolerance of unpopular views than in Canada. The question is whether the Canadian Temperance League, an organization supported by the contributions of Canadians and appealing to the Canadian public for a hearing, does the right thing in bringing in a foreign speaker, who has been studiously and persistently hostile to something that is held very sacred and dear by our people. If Mr. Woolley likes to come here to preach on his own hook he will not be molested—he will be free to utter whatever convictions he may cherish. When he comes here as the employee of a Canadian organization, we have a right to hold that organization responsible for the character and record of the man. Mr. Stewart was within his rights, and within his duty, in calling attention to the offensively anti-British character of Mr. Woolley's newspaper. When attacked by Woolley at a public meeting it was an outrage to deny Mr. Stewart any opportunity to defend himself and prove the imported wind-jammer's statements false. "Saturday Night" has in its possession copious extracts from Woolley's paper to prove that it has been one of the most violent, offensive and intolerant of Britain's traducers in the United States. It remains to be seen whether the Canadian Temperance League will further "rub in" its contempt for the best public opinion of Canada by bringing here on the heels of the man Woolley his partner and fellow-slanderer of the British nation, Dickie.

LANCE.

A Frenchman of France.



"E's a very nice gentleman," said Mrs. Harris. "I think I'll put him across from you, Miss Stewart."

"All right," laughed the stenographer; "I give everybody notice that I've the monopoly of practising my six French phrases on the poor man."

Mrs. Harris at once bestowed on him the title of "Professor," probably because he would have taught his native language if he could have found anyone to teach it to. But having, as it were, carried coals to Newcastle, he found great difficulty in disposing of his merchandise.

In other words, the "Professor" found that in Montreal people either absorbed a working knowledge of bad French at the pores, so to speak, or when they wanted the genuine article, went to France after it. The few others who were not content with the one manner of acquiring the language and could not afford the other, seemed to be already in the hands of Madame A., or Mlle. B., or simply demurred at the "Professor's" charges for his linguistic wares.

"Dey tink to learn of me for no monnaie, me, a Frenchman of France," he would declaim to Mrs. Harris' "table-boarders" almost daily. "Dey say, 'Madame A., she teach for so mooch, Madame is of Parce,' dey say, 'If Madame teach you for noting, noting at all, I say to dem, 'I do not do so, also, me, you see.'"

Perhaps the "Professor's" appearance was against him. He was as unlike the typical French teacher as possible. He was broad of shoulder and stout of limb; his moustache was ragged and his hair grew thick and unruly. He had served four years in the army in Anam and China, and from the ranks to the Professorial chair is rather too long a step to be taken gracefully.

But his blue eyes were candid, and his smile—when he was not too discouraged, or too indignant, to smile—was very frank and winning, so we grew to feel as much sympathy for him as we could spare, and listened to his tales of woe with patience as a general thing.

Not that the Professor cared much whether we listened or not, so long as he could get the stenographer to take, or appear to take, an interest in his lamentations. As for that young lady, her plan for taking a free course in French conversation did not work very well. She began by requesting, with her sweetest smile, that the Professor would "Ayez la bonte de passer" things, but the Professor was

so charmed with the smile that he never noticed the attempt at leading off into his own language, and went on more fluently than ever in hers.

So, after a few ineffectual attempts the stenographer gave up saying "il pleut" when she passed him in the hall with dripping umbrella, and being a kind-hearted little person pretended to be interested in the Professor's stories about China or his personal reminiscences of Dreyfus, unless she was too tired or things in the office had gone contrary, when she didn't even try to follow his quaint twistings of subjects and predicates and adjuncts.

One day the Professor came in looking quite bright and hopeful. He had been engaged to take a class in one of these languages-taught-while-you-wait schools. On the strength of his prospective salary he had bought a new tri-colored tie, removed from his uncongenial quarters on St. Lawrence Main—he did not take kindly to the French-Canadian—and had taken rooms on McGill College avenue.

But the Professor seemed destined to trouble as the sparks fly upward. Henceforward his discourse turned always on the imperfections of his pupils.

"Dey will nevaire learn," he would break out, rising in his seat to reach the water-pitcher. (The Professor's table manners savored more of the barracks than of the school-room.) "Nevaire! nevaire! Dey do not try. Dey laugh and smile and—how you call it—wispaire each ozaire in ze ear; dey pass ze time away. Den ze parent he say—'Monsieur Dansereau, he does not know to teach.' Me! a Frenchman of France! Occasionally his class got a short respite while the Professor told us of his troubles with his landlady. "Madame has one grand—what you say—tempaire," he would say with despairing shake of his head. "She parle, parle, parle all ze day—toujours, toujours. Ze domestique, ze deux petites, ze lodgiaires—doy are all ze grand sinnares to Madame. Even to me she say, 'Monsieur, you are not gentleman.'—Me a Frenchman of France! After den she weep, she shed tears, she say, 'You must not remember you of zat I say. You are not lodgaire, you are friend to me. If you go away yourself, I shall be desolated, lonely, me.' She is a—how you say it—I-widower you see," he explained so naively that we knew he did not perceive the imminent danger in which he stood.

The stenographer looked up quickly as if to warn him, but the shadow of the office was over her that day, and with a weary shrug of the shoulders she left him to his fate.

Before long the Professor's worries with his class were over, for the principal of the school placed so little value on his services that he concluded to dispense with them altogether. Gradually the Professor sank from a condition of active indignation to one of calm dejection.

He seemed to have something on his mind, but in answer to our inquiries, would only shake his head hopelessly, and say that he "didn't feel himself well."

Soon Mrs. Harris knew him no more. "E sez w'en 'e paid 'is bill, sez 'e, 'Say to Mecs Stewart and ze ozaire ladies and messieurs for me, adieu!' 'E was a very nice gentleman," said Mrs. Harris.

It was only a few days later, but already the Professor was almost forgotten, when the stenographer, who had been glancing over one of the evening papers, sank back in her chair with a tragic gesture.

"Our poor Professor!" she groaned. "What is the matter? Has he committed suicide?" we chorused, making a general rush for the paper.

"In a manner, yes," said the stenographer. "He's married." "Oh! I feared it would come to that," some one said. "She was 'a widower,' you see."

"And he was a Frenchman of France," said the stenographer.

"E was a very nice gentleman," said Mrs. Harris.

E. B.

Parson Johnson (after the ceremony)—May yo' bofe be very happy! Yo, Jim, have got a good wife, and yo', ma'am, have got a fine, upright, exemplary Christian husband—mah fee am two dollahs.

Jim Jackson—P-please trust me till next week Friday, pahson.

Parson Johnson—Trust yo'! Why, yo' coarse, low-down, light-fingered chicken-thief, I wouldn't trust yo' wif an old cat I wanted to get rid of.

The Person You Must Agree With.

SHE is not as infrequent as one could wish. It is possible, of course, to hold a different opinion from her, but you usually regret it. She's so dominant and overwhelming. She has absolutely oceanic volumes of reasons why she is perfectly right and you altogether wrong, and she gives them away without stint.

She picks them up from various sources, sometimes from her husband, once in a while from a book, or her clergyman, but what she has got she holds, at least until she sees you are in need of it, when she lets you know that what she has got you have got to get. It is not of any consequence whether you want it or not, you must admit it is worth having, and the one and only true opinion on the subject. She can make you eat her cake, and still keep it herself, at least she thinks so, and the consequences are equally disastrous to you.

If she would only let you take refuge in silence, it would not matter so much, but she makes you speak out, and drags you into an argument for the opposition before you well know what it is all about. Comfortable as it would be to let her have her head, she detects in a moment whether you're doing it from conviction or for the sake of peace. She will have none of the latter. You've got to see that she is right, and know the reason, too. She won't stand prevarication, she wants you to speak for yourself. She seizes you in unprotected moments, when the office boy has been idiot enough to say you were in, at the one afternoon tea you have ever gone to, or when she sits next to you at dinner.

She is a social obstructionist it would be well to walk round, if you could. Being feminine, you cannot push her aside, although you would earn the gratitude of society if you could do so by orthodox means, for she is usually very proper. It is no easier for you that she means no harm, or intends to do you good. She is in earnest, she says you ought to be so, too. She goes to any amount of trouble when she gets a chance to show what an excellent thing it would be for you. It is useless to struggle against her; she has great tenacity of purpose. You'd swallow your scruples and let her do your thinking for you, only you know that she will at once begin and quote you as one of her converts. It does not matter much to what, it may be her pet theory about nothing in particular, the realism of your favorite author, or the value of the Woman Question: all you know is that you do not agree with her and do not want to, and that she is irritating. Not that she always uses aggressive means to achieve your submission; she is sometimes so winning in ways and persuasive of tongue, you forget for a moment what she is driving at. She does not. She is nothing if she is not persistent. Your conviction may have become for the time being an object in an otherwise objectless life. She does not for a moment wish to upset your amiability; it would be better to give up to her first, as last. By the time she stops talking over the matter, you will be convinced that she is a person you must agree with, even if you do not know what it is all about.

J. M. LOES.

When Love Is Dead.

Scene—One side of a portiere. Dramatis Personae—The Clear Voice. The Indistinct Voice, and the Listener.

The Clear Voice—Certainly, Mr. Klingman, we can sit it out, if you wish; the dance is yours.

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—Strangers? Why not! We are strangers! But we can, at least, observe the usual etiquette.

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—(coldly)—We will not speak of that. It is an experience that we have put behind us.

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—(very coldly)—Indeed? To me, on the contrary, the memory is painful, or, it would be, if I had not become indifferent.

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—Entirely indifferent! Nothing is so utterly dead as a dead love.

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—True, it dies hard, but, it dies!

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—Yes, that is what I mean to say—as dead as a thing that has never had existence.

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—Yes, I am glad. Rest has come to me—peace.

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—No, ah, no! I only pray that I may never love again.

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—Did I say that I was happy? Peace may come to one—the heart may cease from aching—still, that is a little different from happiness!

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—Perhaps. But why revert to personalities? We do not know each other—we have never known each other, in the true sense of the phrase.

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—Begin to get acquainted—you and I? Oh, that is amusing. To what end?

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—(with emotion)—No, we were both in fault. I can see, now, where my error was, but—no matter. It is all over! . . . My partner for the waltz is looking everywhere—

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—No, dear—No, Gilbert! I beg of you, say nothing more. The tears will come.

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—Please, please don't! Some one may see you—my partner is coming.

The Indistinct Voice—

The Clear Voice—Learn to love you, once again? As if I had ever ceased to love you! Hush . . . here's my partner.

Madeline S. Bridges, in "Broadway."

The Realistic Songs of Henry Russell.

Henry Russell, the well-known English vocalist, relates in his autobiography several incidents in his public career which illustrate the literal cast of intellect. On one occasion he gave at Hanley, England, an entertainment for the benefit of the Staffordshire potters, who were in great distress. After he had sung his song, "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys; Wait a Little Longer," a man in the crowd arose, greatly excited, and shouted: "Muster Russell, can ye fix the toime?" Another artisan in the reserved seats stood up and said: "Shut oop, man; Muster Russell 'll write to ye!"

At Newcastle-upon-Tyne Mr. Russell sang "The Gambler's Wife," in which the wife is represented as awaiting the gambler's return to his home. The clock strikes one—it strikes two—it strikes three. As it strikes four the young wife, clasping her child to her bosom, dies in hopeless despair. At this point a woman stood up and shrieked in shrill tones: "Oh, Mr. Russell, if it had been me, wouldn't I have fetched him home!"

In earlier days, as the same vocalist was singing, "Woodman, Spare That Tree!" an old gentleman cried: "Mr. Russell, was the tree spared?"

"It was, sir."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the old gentleman, with a sigh of relief.

When "The Newfoundland Dog" had been sung, a piece which describes the dog saving a child's life, a North-countryman exclaimed, "Was the child saved, mon?"

"It was, sir." Then with the anxious look of one asking a great favor, the man pleaded, "Could ye get me a pup?"

One Way of Writing Biography.

Ancient Subject, Modern Style—A Noble Roman From a Humorous Standpoint

MARCUS ANTONIUS, commonly called Mark Antony, was a celebrated Roman general and successful politician, who was born in 83 B.C. His grandfather, on his mother's side, was C. Julius Caesar, and it is thought that to Mark's sagacity in his selection of a mother much of his subsequent success was due.

Young Antony was rather gay and festive during his early years, and led a life that in any city but Rome would have occasioned talk. He got into a great many youthful scrapes, and nothing seemed to please him better than repeatedly to bring his father's gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave. Debauchery was a matter to which he gave much thought, and many a time he was found consuming the midnight oil while pursuing his studies in this line.

At that time Rome was well provided for in the debauchery department, and Mr. Antony became a thorough student of the entire curriculum.

About 57 B.C. he obtained command of the cavalry of Gambinino, in Syria and Egypt. He also acted as legate for Caesar in Gaul about 52 B.C., as nearly as I can recall the year. I do not know exactly what a legate is, but it had something to do with the Roman ballet, I understand, and commanded a good salary.

He was also elected, in 50 B.C., as Argus and Tribune—acting as Tribune at night and Argus during the daytime. I presume, or he may have been elected Tribune and ex-officio Argus. He was more successful as Tribune than he was in the Argus business.

Early in 49 B.C. he fled to Caesar's camp, and the following year was appointed commander-in-chief. He commanded the left wing of the army at the battle of Pharsalia, and years afterward used to be passionately fond of describing it and explaining how he saved the day, and how everybody else was surprised but him, and how he was awakened by hearing one of the enemy's troops, across the river, stealthily pulling on his pantaloons.

Antony married Fulvia, the widow of a successful demagogue named P. Clodius. This marriage could hardly be regarded as a success. It would have been better for the widow had she remained Mrs. P. Clodius, for Mark Antony was one of those old-fashioned Romans who favored the utmost latitude among men, but heartily enjoyed seeing an unfaithful woman burnt at the stake. In those days the Roman girl had nothing to do but live a pure and blameless life, so that she could marry a shattered Roman rake, who had succeeded in shunning a blameless life himself, and at last, when he was sick of all kinds of depravity and needed a good, careful wife to take care of him, would come in with his dappled, sin-sick soul and shattered constitution, and his vast acquisition of debts, and ask to be loved by a noble young woman. Nothing pleased a blase Roman so well as to have a young and beautiful girl, with eyes like liquid night, to take the job of reforming him. I frequently got up in the night to congratulate myself that I was not born 2,000 years ago, a Roman girl.

The historian continues to say that though Mr. Antony continued to live a life of licentious lawlessness that occasioned talk even in Rome, he was singularly successful in politics. He was very successful at funerals, also, and his off-hand obituary words were sought for far and wide. His impromptu remarks at the grave of Caesar, as afterwards reported by Mr. Shakespeare, from memory, attracted general notice and made the funeral a highly enjoyable affair. After this no assassination could be regarded as a success unless Mark Antony could be secured to come and deliver his justly celebrated eulogy.

About 43 B.C. Antony, Octavius and Lepidus formed a co-partnership under the firm name and style of Antony, Octavius & Co., for the purpose of doing a general, all-round triumvirate business and dealing in Roman republican pelts. The firm succeeded in making republicanism extremely odious, and for years a republican hardly dared to go out after dark to feed the horse, lest he be jumped on by a myrmidon and assassinated. It was about this time that Cleo had a misunderstanding with Mark's myrmidons and went home packed in ice.

Mark Antony, when the firm of Antony, Octavius & Co. settled up its affairs, received as his share the Asiatic provinces and Egypt. It was at this time that he met Cleopatra at an Egyptian soiree and fell in love with her. Falling in love with fair women

These tablets, while being pleasant, convenient and absolutely safe to use, have made cures in long standing cases of catarrh that are little short of marvelous. They are sold by druggists under name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, and any catarrh sufferer who has tried inhalers, lotions, ointments, salves, etc., and realized their inconvenience and uselessness, will fully appreciate the difference between a mere palliative and a permanent cure after giving Stuart's Catarrh Tablets an impartial trial.

All druggists sell them at 50 cents for full-sized package, and no matter where the catarrh is located, in the head, throat, lungs or stomach, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets will surprise you with the effective results of even a few days' use.

Sheldon as a Sabbath Keeper.

"Harper's Weekly."

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the author of In His Steps, had lately an interesting experience of Sabbath-keeping in this exaggerated city. He thinks that no one should work on Sunday but ministers, and disapproves the running of street cars and all public and private conveyances, except, doubtless, on errands of necessity or mercy. His Sunday engagements a fortnight ago included morning service at Carnegie Hall and evening service at Sterling Place in Brooklyn. He was staying in Brooklyn. He walked from there over to New York to the day service and back to Brooklyn for his evening service, arriving an hour late for the



Levi—Such an advertisingment! See every body rubber! You hetcher life it dakes your onkel to malk der peensias.

and speaking pieces over new-made graves seemed to be Mark's normal condition. He got into a quarrel with Octavius, Octavius' sister; but this was not a love match, for he at once returned to Cleopatra, the author of Cleopatra's needle and other works.

This love for Cleopatra was, no doubt, the cause of his final overthrow, for he frequently went over to see her when he should have been at home killing invaders. He ceased to care about slashing around in carnage, and preferred to turn Cleopatra's music for her while she knocked out the teeth of her old upright piano and sang to him in low, passionate, vox humana tone.

So, at last, the great cemetery dealer and long-distance assassin, Mark Antony, was driven out of his vast dominions, after a big naval defeat at Actium, in September, 31 B.C., retreated to Alexandria, called for more reinforcements, and didn't get them. Deserted by his fleet and reduced to a hand-me-down suit of clothes and a two-year-old plug hat, he wrote a poetic will addressed to Cleopatra and sent it to the Alexandria papers; then, closing the door and hanging up his pantaloons on a nail, so as to reduce the sag in the knees, he blew out the gas and climbed over the high board fence which stands for ever between the sombre present and the dark blue, mysterious ultimatum. —"Pick-Me-Up."

Starts With a Cold.

Catarrh is a Lingering Cold Which Refuses to Yield to Ordinary Treatment.

Catarrh usually starts with a cold in the head, and if left unchecked in this climate, rarely gets well of itself. As fresh cold is taken the disease spreads, getting deeper and deeper, creeping along the mucous membranes from nose to throat, from throat to windpipe, from windpipe to bronchial tubes and from bronchial tubes to lung cells.

The mucous membranes all connect, one with another. Hence it is easy to spread from one part to another lined with this same membrane. This is why catarrh in the head soon affects the throat and finally the stomach itself, bringing on chronic catarrh of the stomach, which is a most obstinate form of dyspepsia.

Everybody is now well agreed that catarrh is a blood disease and not a local one, and the attempt to cure by local applications simply gives temporary relief from the purely local symptoms without the remotest effect in staying the progress of the disease.

There is a new preparation recently offered to the public that is apparently destined to do away with every other form of catarrh treatment.

This new remedy is not a secret patent medicine, but is a large, pleasant-tasting tablet, composed of Sanguinaria, Eucalyptol, Guaiacol, Hydrastin and other valuable and harmless specifics, which are taken internally and seem to have a remarkably beneficial effect upon the blood and mucous membranes, apparently eliminating the catarrhal poison from the whole system.

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An Adv. That Compelled Attention.

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we may explain that "magnams" are two-quart bottles, and are for gentlemen who find quarts inadequate. There is but one larger bottle, and that is the "jeroboam," which holds four quarts.

After their slight collation had proceeded thus far the dietetic doctors fell to on "Canvas-back Duck with hominy croquettes" and "celery mayonnaise," after which they had "Glacé d'abricotine," "Petits fours assortis," "Fromage de Brie et Stilton," "café," "cigars" and "liqueurs." How can these gormandizing doctors ever face their patients? These Hippocratic hypocrites are continually telling people "not to eat too much," "to eat plain food," "not to take too much liquid with their meals," "to take but one kind of wine at a time," "to avoid liqueurs and punches," "to eschew sweets and made dishes." With the foregoing bill of fare on record, how can they ever look their patients in the face again?

It recalls the anecdote of a well-known London physician who ordered an epicurean patient to make his dinner on "one dish and one glass of wine." The patient met his medico not long afterwards at a dinner party in Mayfair, and with envious eyes watched the doctor slowly proceeding through the menu seriatim, from oysters to cheese, from sherry to champagne. When the ladies withdrew the disgruntled patient sat down beside the doctor and said: "Look here, doctor, I thought you said that one should dine on a single dish and a single glass of wine? Now you have been eating and drinking everything in sight."

"Yes," said the doctor, as he slowly sipped the last drop of a glass of old brown Curacao and blew the smoke from a large, black Havana cigar. "Yes, but that rule is for patients, not for doctors. There is a great difference."

Very true. Were the patients of these dining doctors to eat the dining doctors' dinner, they would have no further need for pills, notions, powders or boluses, but only some neat and handsomely trimmed black boxes with silver nails.

The Reign of the Ugly Girl.

WE are threatened, observes an exchange, with a most alarming era—the reign of the ugly girl. Physical loveliness alone no longer suffices where once upon a time it was all-sufficient. Four women who have made stage triumphs within the last few seasons have been notoriously unbecoming, according to the canons of the camera. But the fact that all these successes have been made by women never reckoned among the beauties of the photographic windows brings up the question of the ugly girl era. Will she, in real life, soon take the place so long held sacred by the rose-lipped, dew-eyed beauty who had only to be seen to conquer?

To many, of course, these successful women may seem far more beautiful than if possessed of the regular features and recognized forms of the pink and white doll girls that ornament our face-powder advertisements, and tooth-paste credentials. They all rather accentuated their lack of mere physical charm in their evident wish to force the individuality of appearance which each possesses. They scorned to appeal to the public through the channels by which so many ephemeral successes have been gained.

Will their departure from the established rule that all heroines must be beautiful bring the ugly girl at last into her own? Will the quiet, mouse-like little student, the girl who does not care for dress, and the tilted-nosed and auburn-haired maiden now

become the fashion? Will women be brave enough to allow their own individuality to assert itself instead of chasing the elusive phantom of beauty and losing whatever distinct charm of their own they may possess by aping the artificial? It looks very much as though the beauty is about to abdicate in favor of her plainer sister.

Adaptability.

"Since the octopus from the installment plan furniture house took away my desk," said the long-neck, hungry-looking poetaster, "I have often written on an empty stomach; for I am a contortionist as well as a poet."

A Brief Romance.

They were pretending to play cards, but really they were making love, and they agreed to give each other whatever they cut.

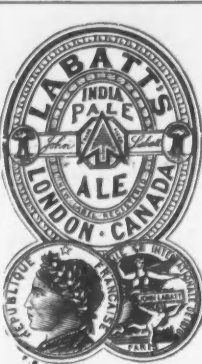
She cut diamonds. He cut a heart. Just then the old man came in and he had already cut a club. And so they were not married.

Unnecessary.

Mrs. Vain—Do you think this picture flatters me? Vain—Without a doubt. "But you haven't looked at it." "I don't need to."

The Value of Advertising.

"I tell you, it pays to advertise."



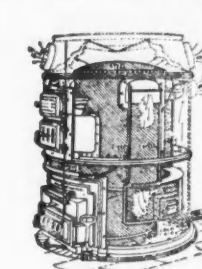
ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON) INDIA PALE ALE The Malt and Hops used are the finest that skill and money can secure. A prime favorite. AT GROCERS, CLUBS AND HOTELS

The Soldiers' Return

Many of the brave boys who have just returned from South Africa can testify to the sterling qualities and strengthening effects of

OXOL FLUID BEEF

Every contingent took a supply of OXOL.



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Coal Furnace will heat every nook and corner of your house at little cost. Built like a Baseburner and as economical as one. Fire travels three times the height of furnace before entering smoke pipe.

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Heavy Firepot; Steel Radiator, and dome heats quickly; clinkerless grates; gas proof throughout; direct or indirect drafts.

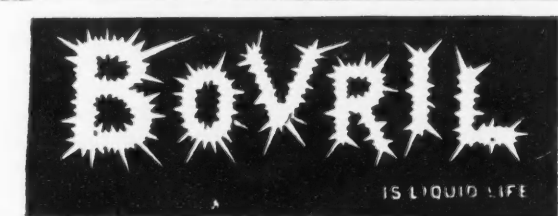
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A Brief Romance.

They were pretending to play cards, but really they were making love, and they agreed to give each other whatever they cut.

She cut diamonds. He cut a heart. Just then the old man came in and he had already cut a club. And so they were not married.

Unnecessary.

Mrs. Vain—Do you think this picture flatters me? Vain—Without a doubt. "But you haven't looked at it." "I don't need to."

The Value of Advertising.

"I tell you, it pays to advertise."

If you pen an advertisement take care not to exaggerate anything or the public will not believe you. For instance, don't tell the public that Commandador "Fort Wine" has a big body, such a big body as a Jumbo Elephant, but simply that it has a body as it ought to have. Don't say that this old wine cures, for instance, a broken leg or a black eye. Simply say what is the truth, namely, that a glass or two after meals promotes your digestion and prevents dyspepsia, and otherwise puts you in a good humor.

service begins anywhere from half-past ten to eleven, and the evening service ten minutes before eight."

She Was Glad.

"Is this a trunk line?" asked the maiden, anxiously, as she bought her ticket.

"Yes'm."

"I am so glad, for I wish to take three of them."

"Three what?" asked the mystified clerk.

"Three trunks."

How Canada is Advertised.

What the C.P.R. is Doing in Making the Dominion Known Abroad.

Mr. J. C. Holden, president of the Ames-Holden Company, who recently returned to Montreal after a two and a half years' tour around the world, concluded an interview in the Montreal "Gazette" by stating:

"Two things in particular are making Canada more widely known and more highly considered the world over. First her part in the war, which has excited interest not only in England, but in every part of the globe; secondly, the widespread advertisements of the C.P.R. Wherever Mr. Holden went he found the pamphlets of the great railroad. He found them in Russia, in Norway, in Turkey. When the P. and O. steamship reached Hong Kong all the passengers wished if possible to go on by the Empress boats; for, after experience of the ships of many lines and many nations, Mr. Holden declares them unsurpassed for comfort, table and attendance. Even in out-of-the-way up-country inns in Japan, where guests are forced to eat and sleep on the floor and their diet consists of fish in every possible form, the C.P.R. advertisements were found. Canada's reputation has never stood higher than now."



It was unfortunate for Miss Eltona Jackson, the famous violinist from the States, that she made her debut here in the middle of a week devoted to patriotic demonstrations and political gatherings, and that on the night of her concert (Thursday of last week) there was a heavy and steady downpour of very cold rain, which chilled the ardor of all but the most pronounced musical enthusiasts. In the circumstances it was surprising that her audience was so large as it was. The merits of Miss Jackson as a solo violinist have not been overrated by the United States press. She has an exceptionally well developed technique, particularly of the left hand, her bowing is broad and firm, and she produces a fine searching, singing tone from her instrument. Her expression is not, perhaps, highly emotional, but she renders serious music with dignity and with that conservative people may consider adequate sensibility, and with a welcome absence of mannerism or affectation. Her first number, the Vieuxtemps fourth concerto in D minor, was well calculated to display her command of the instrument in many of its transcendental difficulties. On her second appearance she gave a group of four pieces, three of which were characteristic in style, while the first, the Chopin-Sarasate Nocturne in D flat, gave her an opportunity to sing on her instrument, both in single and double notes. Her double stopping is remarkably accurate, and beautifully equalized in tone. For some unknown reason she made a considerable "cut" in her last solo, Bazzini's Ronde des Lutins, the part omitted being the passages in double harmonics and tenths. She had the assistance in carrying out the programme of Miss Elburna, a pleasing drawing-room soprano; Mr. Selden Pratt, a clever accompanist and a solo pianist of respectable attainments, and Mr. Van Pyk, tenor, a former resident of Toronto, all of whom pleased the audience and were given a cordial reception. Miss Jackson made so favorable an impression that there is little doubt that, should she appear here again, she will play before a much larger audience.

The Lelpic Vocal Quartette for Church Song will make their first appearance in Toronto this (Saturday) evening, in Association Hall, with a programme entitled Master Singers of German Evangelical Church Music. The quartette, which consists of soprano, alto, tenor and bass, occupies a very high place among German organizations for sacred song. They have been heard in most of the principal European cities, and also in several of those of the United States, and everywhere they have gained unqualified praise. Their rendering of their music, apart from the technical excellence, is said to be a revelation. Tickets can be had at the principal music stores.

The musical residents of Salo, in Northern Italy, have definitely settled to their own satisfaction who invented the violin. They have placed a slab in the vestibule of their theatre bearing the inscription: "To Gaspare di Salo, who gave to music the prince of instruments and to his native land imperishable glory, lovers of art, both Italian and foreign, desire to offer this tribute of sovereign harmony. The grateful inhabitants, August 12, 1900." The inscription takes a great deal for granted. Gaspare di Salo was no doubt the first maker who turned out violins of any distinction, but there is record of one Jean Kerlino who made violins in Brescia about the year 1493, that is, before Gaspare was born. Some of Gaspare's violins are still to be found in collectors' hands, and when offered for sale command a high price.

Mr. John Reynolds, the famous double bass player, in a letter to the London "Times" states that Beethoven programmes at promenade concerts in the days of Julien used to attract very large audiences. In paying a tribute to Julien's work he says: "I have never heard finer performances of many classical overtures and symphonies than those directed by Julien, and I have played them all under the great conductors for the past fifty years. Julien was considered a charlatan by all those who did not understand him, but no one I have known has made the twenty or thirty classical works studied by him go so well." Julien, it is admitted, did good service in the cause of classical music. He was the first to introduce the symphonies of Beethoven to the notice of the general public, and, strange to say, found them much appreciated. The first time he played the Allegretto of Beethoven's eighth symphony, it was received with a storm of applause. I can just remember being present at one of his promenade concerts at the Surrey Gardens, London, and a magnificent concert it was, among the solo artists being Albani, the great contralto, Grisi, and Sims Reeves.

The English press is still discussing the shortcomings of the chorus at the Birmingham Music Festival. The Manchester "Guardian" attributes the falling away from grace to the fact that the chorus contained an enormously large number of veterans. It is somewhat curious that while all the English critics are agreed that the choral singing was bad, Dr. Richter, the conductor, declared, after the performance of Elgar's Dream of Gerontius, that the singing of the chorus had been excellent.

Miss Ethel Mountain of Jameson avenue, a pupil of Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, has been awarded the "Heintzman & Co." scholarship, entitling her to a specific amount of piano instruction from Mr. W. O. Forsyth, director of the Metropolitan School of Music. Miss Mountain is entitled to congratulations, and no doubt her future progress will be watched with interest by her many friends.

A piano recital will be given in the Guild Hall, McGill street, on the evening of December 13 by Miss Alice M. Robinson, one of the most gifted of Canadian pianists, the excellence of whose playing has frequently been commented on in these columns. Miss Robinson leaves in the spring for Berlin, Germany, to complete her musical study under the most eminent of German masters. This talented pianist was for some years a pupil of the well-known Detroit master, Mr. Julius Seyler, and gained a well-deserved popularity in Detroit musical circles prior to taking up her residence in Toronto. For two seasons past Miss Robinson has been a pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, at the Conservatory of Music here, and is justly considered by those who have heard her in recital work one of the most brilliant players in the province. Her programme will embrace compositions by Moszkowski, Chopin, Liszt, Wieniawski, Schumann and other composers. Miss Robinson will have the assistance of Miss Dora L. McMurtry, the popular young soprano soloist of Jarvis Street Baptist Church choir. The price of tickets has been placed at 50 cents for reserved seats. Tickets are on sale at Tyrrell's book store, King street west.

Miss Alexandrina Ramsay, pupil of Mrs. Reynolds-Reburn of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has been appointed contralto soloist in the College Street Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Harold Sampson, pupil of Mrs. H. W. Parker of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has been appointed tenor soloist in St. Simon's Episcopal Church.

The city of Brantford has been added to the list of local centers connected with the Toronto Conservatory of Music for examination purposes. The Rev. Dr. D. Spencer has been appointed honorary representative for that city.

The Winnipeg "Tribune," in referring to the departure of Mr. David Ross from that city to take up his residence in Toronto, says: "Mr. Ross has sent in his resignation to the session of Knox Church. As a soloist Mr. Ross has not been appreciated at his true value in Manitoba, and, although very sorry he is going away, the writer is of opinion he is wasting the best years of his life in comparative obscurity—is hiding his light, his talents, under the scriptural bush, and therefore is doing wisely and well in striking out for fields and pastures new. These columns have readily recognized Mr. Ross' superiority as a vocalist, as a musician, as a choir leader and as an oratorio organizer and director, and as a vocal teacher he has had no equal at any time in this section of the Dominion."

The programme for the first Monday popular concert, Victoria Hall, November 19, will include Mendelssohn's trio, op. 49, Miss Ethel Mountain, Miss Lina Adamson, Miss Hilda Richardson; Stephen Adams' The Young Royalist; Mr. David Ross; Johnson's Reverie and Dunkler's Tarantelle, for 'cello, Miss Hilda Richardson; Gounod's Duo Posaente, Mr. David Ross, and Gade's trio, op. 42, for piano, violin and 'cello. Readings will also be given by Mrs. Emma Scott Raff.

In a letter to Mr. B. E. Walker, honorary president of the Mendelssohn Choir, Lord Strathcona extends his patronage to the organization, and expresses his deep interest in its development and progress. The excellent reputation and artistic standing of the chorus, he stated, were so widely known that he deemed it an honor to have his name connected with the society.

Mr. F. C. Field Hyde, L.R.A.M., has an interesting article in the current number of "Musical Opinion" in reference to the distinguishing characteristics each key is supposed to have. His opinion is that the effect of any particular composition does not come from any definite and fixed character of the key. I have always held this view myself, and it was confirmed many years ago by experiments on a well-tempered transposing piano. But let me quote from the writer of the article. He says: "We are told that the key of B flat major is dull and lacks fire. I am afraid that Beethoven must be wanting in discrimination to write such a sonata as the B flat (op. 22) in a dull key which lacks fire. How much dullness do you find in the tenor air Il Mio Tesoro from Don Giovanni? or say, Honor and Arms? The key of G minor is said to be meek and pensive, replete with melancholy. Compare that with O Ruddy, Thou the Cherry, or Bach's G minor fugue." Mr. Hyde proceeds to give examples from well-known compositions to prove that the character of music is to be found in the tones themselves in connection with their scale relationship.

Phrases founded on the notes of the tonic chord have a quite different character from those on the super-tonic or subdominant. Conditions of speed, harmony, pitch and context he admits will greatly modify or alter the effects. He advocates that ear-training of students should be based upon the method of the recognition of the tones by their scale relationships, or mental effects, which he finds superior to a training for absolute pitch or even intervals. The order in which the different stages of ear-training should be taken is, he says, first, the tonic chord, followed by the dominant chord, which adds the second and seventh degrees; then the subdominant chord, which completes the diatonic major scale. The chromatic notes, the sharpened fourth and chromatic seventh should follow; and then tests in melodic changes of key to the dominant and subdominant keys may be given. From thence one should proceed to the minor scale, two-part ear tests, and on to four-part harmony, with the analysis of chords by ear.

The promised visit of the Lelpic Philharmonic Orchestra to this city will be awaited with impatient interest. So much has been said in eulogy of the orchestras of Germany that one will be glad to have the opportunity of comparing the Lelpic organization with the Chicago and New York orchestras.

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This is the work a healthy stomach does. This is the work an unhealthy stomach doesn't do. This is the way Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bilio-ness, Sour Stomach, Waterbrash, Heartburn, Flatulence, Eructation, or "raising wind." Nausea, Acidity of the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Foul Breath, and Coated Tongue.

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If you don't believe it—test them. They'll convince you by curing you.



Too Apt.

Lady (Indignantly)—That parrot we bought of you had not been in the house a day before it began to swear dreadfully.

Dealer—But you insisted, ma'am, on getting one that would be quick to learn—"Collier's Weekly."

Apparent.

The Wife (scornfully)—Why don't you stay away from home when you're drunk? Husband—"Cause I'm drunk!

Misunderstood.

Here is a story told at the Lamb's Club, New York, the other night: Annie Russell, when last across the water, took a flying trip to Spain. One evening she found herself in a small and picturesque town about forty miles from Seville. At the only hotel in the place, tea was impossible, and the vinegary wine did not appeal to her palate. She wanted milk, but her knowledge of Spanish is limited, and the town is out of the rut of tourism, so that the English-speaking waiter was not in evidence. After wrestling with the proprietor and his staff for some time, an inspiration came to her. In her notebook she sketched the figure of a cow. The lines of care on the face of the boniface cleared at once. With smiles and shrugs he disappeared. Half an hour later he returned, bearing with him seats for the bull fight that was to be given next day in the town.

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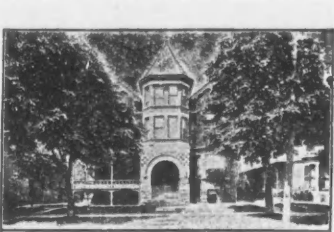
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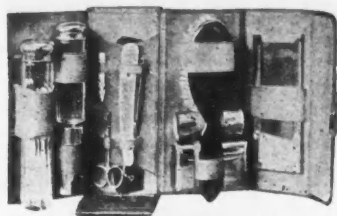
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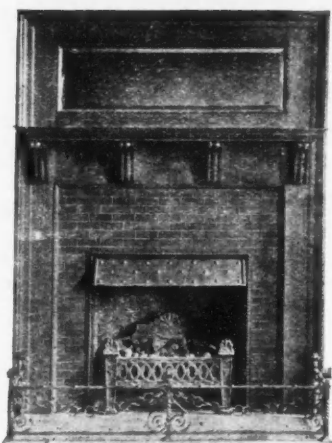
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Social and Personal

On Saturday evening Mrs. Mackenzie gave a dinner party at Benvenuto for the bridesmaids of the Kirkland-Mackenzie wedding and a party of their young friends. Covers were laid for twenty, and the young people enjoyed a most pleasant affair. The bride and groom-elect were the recipients of many advance good wishes, and merriment was the keynote, with youth and high spirits to keep up the happy strain.

Mrs. Cattanaach has been spending a week with Mrs. Morrow, at Charlecot, in Warwickshire, the beautiful country seat of the Lucys, which Captain and Mrs. Morrow leased some time ago. Miss Cattanaach is visiting friends in the North, I believe in Aberdeenshire. Both are enjoying their sojourn in the Old Country very much.

Miss Edith Harman has had a very sparkling and beautiful visitor from the East, Miss Pentland, stopping with her. Last Thursday Miss Harman gave a small affair in honor of her guest, at which a number of smart young people were present, among them Miss Athol Boulton, the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton; Miss Barwick, Miss Peters, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, all three debutantes of the season; Miss Marian Laidlaw, Miss Gyp Armstrong, Miss Sprague, a debutante; Messrs. Sweatman, Henderson, Baldwin, Marland, Fuller, Smith and Kingsford.

Miss Allie Rutter, daughter of ex-Alderman Rutter, and Miss Lillie May are to have a poudre dance at McConkey's on next Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Lister has a reception this afternoon at her residence, 340 Bloor street west. Miss Holmes of London, who is so much admired here, is with Mrs. Lister on a visit. Miss Frances Lister will be introduced at this afternoon's function.

Mrs. Frank Arnold of North street gives a tea this afternoon, at which she will introduce her daughter, Miss Joan Arnold.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler did not return to town until Monday, and are now at Craigleigh.

The Toronto Hunt Club and their friends foregathered at Lambton Mills last Saturday afternoon to enjoy that autumn event so picturesque and interesting, the point to point steeplechase. It was a raw day, but the ladies turned out in good force, and everyone seemed to find the reunion enjoyable. There were many who missed Major Forester, always a clever man at this sort of thing, both active and administrative. Among those who rendezvoused were several equestrians and many ladies snugly tucked under the robes in carriages. Regrets were voiced for the Master's non-appearance, as his accident still forbids his participation in the sport of the field. A refreshment tent for the members was a popular place when the chill air got its work in. Among the party were Mrs. Young, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mrs. Magann, Mr. and Mrs. Adamson, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Sewall, Mrs. Macdougall and Mr. Hawke, Mrs. Beardmore, Misses Jones, Violet Langmuir, Falconbridge, Pattenon, Miss Eager of Texas, Miss Osler, Miss Florence Cawthra and Messrs. Scott Griffin, Percy Manning, Laing, Turner, Heward, McCarthy, McInnes, Turner and Osborne.

Mrs. Clarkson Jones gives a tea on next Tuesday afternoon at her residence, in the Queen's Park. Mrs. Beatty gave a tea on Tuesday last, which was somewhat interfered with by a sudden fall of the beautiful. Mrs. Myles gives a tea next Wednesday afternoon at her home, in the Queen's Park.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brock, Queen's Park, gave a dinner in honor of the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Denison, at which covers were laid for thirty. The decorations were in shaded yellow chrysanthemums, most effectively arranged. Mr. Brock proposed the health of the bride and groom, and Mr. Denison responded in a neat little speech. Mrs. Denison (nee Fairbairn) was very pretty in her white satin bridal gown, with chiffon fichu. The other guests were all unmarried folk except Mr. and Mrs. George Morang.

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Smith have taken 25 Lowther avenue for the winter, and are, as usual, very welcome back to town from their suburban summer home.

Mrs. Jarvis (nee Montgomery) is receiving many visitors in her pretty quarters in Grace Hospital, and Queen Baby, who arrived some three weeks ago, is very much admired. Mrs. Jarvis came up from St. Louis to Toronto some time ago, and Miss Jarvis, who comes of an extra-patriotic stock, was born in the land of the Union Jack.

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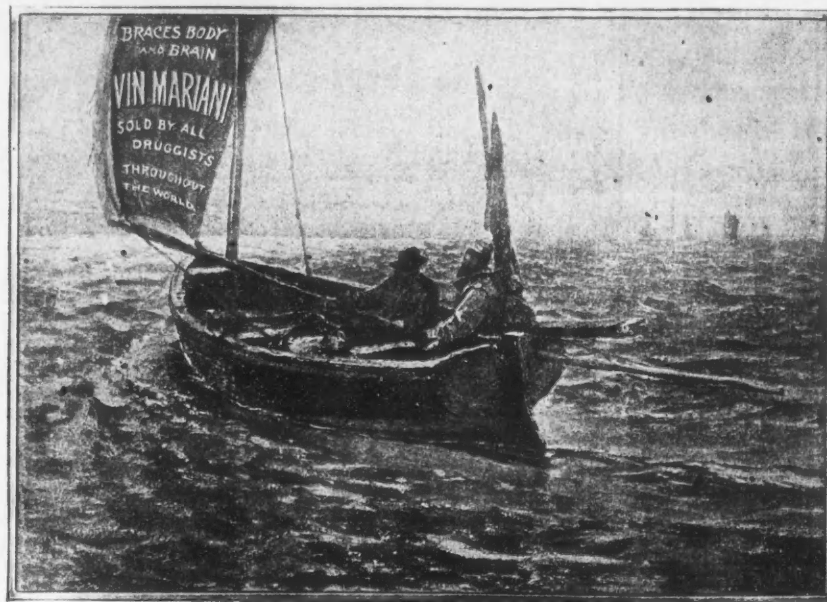
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Births

Calvert—On Thursday, Oct. 25th, at 97 Baldwin street, the wife of Charles E. Calvert of a son.
Peake—Nov. 9, Mrs. Charles N. Peake, a son.
Price—Nov. 13, Mrs. Alfred Price, a daughter.
Robinson—Nov. 9, Mrs. B. K. Robinson, a son.
Thompson—Nov. 11, Mrs. Jas. J. Thompson, twin girls.
Purcell—Nov. 7, Mrs. Joseph Purcell, a daughter.

Marriages

Mackenzie—Kirkland—Nov. 13, Alexander W. Mackenzie to Marion Janet Kirkland.
Wagner—Sheppard—Nov. 10th, William E. Wagner to Hazel P. C. Sheppard.
Neale—Thomas—Sept. 22nd, at Shanghai,

China, F. H. Neale to Minnie R. Thomas, both of Toronto.
Burgess—Wilson—Nov. 10th, Walter Ogilvie Burgess, to Annie Helena Wilson.
Lane—Doherty—Nov. 8, Arthur O. Lang to Matilda A. Doherty.
Walsh—Ward—Nov. 12, Edward J. Walsh to Maggie Ward.
Gillard—Wilson—Nov. 8, Harry D. Gillard to Elizabeth Wilson.
Barley—Millner—Nov. 8, James Barley to Annie Godfrey Millner.

Deaths

Cole—Nov. 10, Mrs. E. H. Cole, aged 57 years.
Morrison—Nov. 10, Robert Morrison, in his 53rd year.
Alger—Nov. 11, Lieut.-Col. W. Notcutt Alger, in his 52nd year.
Higgins—Nov. 10, Eap. Wm. Higgins, in his 75th year.
Jarvis—Nov. 13, Mrs. Wm. Dummer Powell Jarvis, aged 75 years.
Strachan—Nov. 12, Mrs. James McGill Strachan, aged 77 years.

Damer—Nov. 8, Mrs. Susan B. Damer, aged 57 years.
Koster—Nov. 13, Mrs. Leah Koster, aged 4 years.
Clode—Nov. 12, Mrs. Charlotte Clode, aged 73 years.

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